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NOVEMBER 12, 1951

# TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



Boris Chaliapin

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VOL. LVIII NO. 20

# These New Nash Ideas Give You A Better Kind of Motoring



Photography by Paul Rodkal

PEOPLE have found in Nash completely new ideas of design and construction, new developments in performance, new comfort features that mean a higher standard of motoring luxury at far lower cost—lower first cost—lower operating cost.

In just a few months, the Nash Rambler Country Club Sedan, America's newest, smartest "Hardtop", has scored a smashing success.

Or take the great Nash Ambassador, 1951's finest performer and the most modern of America's fine cars. It's priced a good thousand dollars under other fine cars.

Come look at 18 stunning new Nash Airflytes in three great series—Ambassador, Statesman, Ramblers—all built the new, better way with Airflyte Construction. Drive one at your Nash dealer's.



**Most comfortable car ever built**—only Nash offers you the Airliner Reclining Seat, Weather Eye Conditioned Air System, Twin Beds, plus Hydra-Matic.



**31.05 miles to the gallon** is the new all-time mileage record of the Nash Rambler Convertible with overdrive in the 1951 Mobilgas Economy Run.



**The Statesman**



**The Ambassador**



**The Rambler**

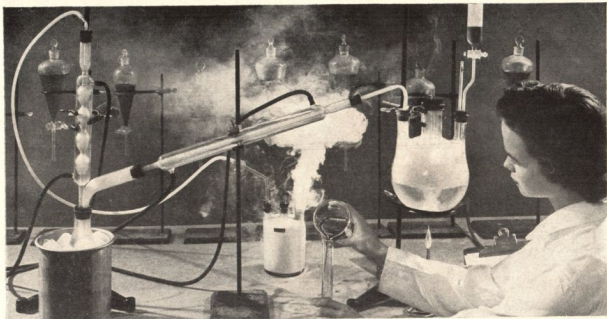
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GREAT CARS SINCE 1902

TV FUN! See the Paul Whiteman TV Teen Club—see your newspaper for time and station.

Nash Motors, Division Nash-Kelvinator Corporation, Detroit, Mich.



**MOST NEW INVENTIONS** by oil scientists begin in the research laboratories. Distillation apparatus like this is often used. U. S. oil companies employ over 15,000 research workers, spend over 100 million dollars a year

in their constant race to get to the public first with new and better oil products. One result—2 gallons of gasoline now do the work 3 did in 1925, yet today's gasoline is priced about the same—only taxes are higher.

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Official U. S. Patent Office records show that in the last five years 8,179 new inventions dealt with some phase or another of making improved gasolines and heating oils, lubricants that further reduce engine wear, plastics that outlast many metals and a wide range of new synthetics.

These government records indicate that America's privately-managed oil companies compete vigorously with each other to be the first to develop processes to provide

the public with the finest oil products at the world's lowest prices.

**The price of gasoline**, for example, is about the same now as it was 25 years ago—only taxes are higher. Yet the *quality* is so much better that 2 gallons now do the work 3 gallons used to do.

This has come about because free men, over the years, have constantly tried to outdo their competitors. *The benefits of this competition go to you and the nation.*



**IMPROVED DRILLING** methods and machinery make it possible to sink wells 4 miles deep. New production ideas and inventions help explain today's record oil output—25% greater than at World War II's peak.



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Published by Sinclair Refining Corporation in cooperation with the Oil Industry Information Committee, 50 West 50th Street, New York 20, N. Y.

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**Y**OU'RE going to ask a lot of delighted questions, once you call this finest of Buicks all your own.

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How can it tuck itself so neatly into tight places at the curb — and measure 17 feet and 7 inches from bumper to bumper?

How can it look so swiftly low — and carry six passengers in spacious comfort?

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And how can it come to you at a price which, pound for pound, is unmatched by any car of its size and distinction?

We can answer such questions by naming a long list of engineering features that add brilliance to ROADMASTER performance.

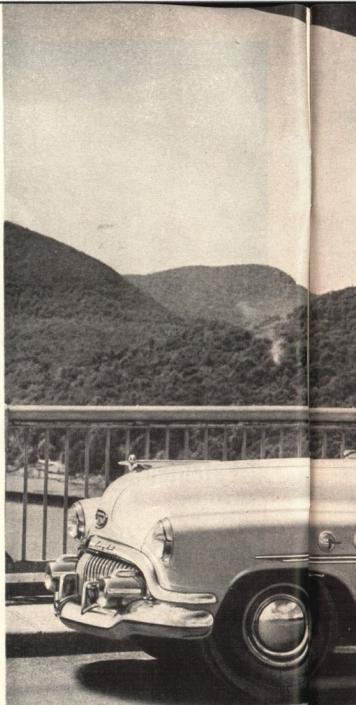
The list includes Buick's high-compression, high-economy valve-in-head Fireball Engine—soft-action coil springs, one on every wheel—a torque-tubed keel — a special front-end geometry — and Dynaflo Drive.

We can talk of such things as balance, and distribution of weight, of X-braced frames and deep, soft cushions, and even the placement of rear-seat footrests.

But no list can tell you the thrill that is yours when you take over this superb performer and feel it come to life beneath you at the wheel.

One ride is worth a thousand words, so why not let your Buick dealer arrange for that ride—and soon.

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When better automobiles are built Buick

will

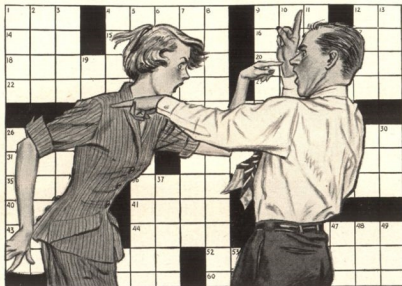
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**4. Sleep is no problem!** No more restless nights, jittery days! With caffeine-free Sanka, you enjoy wonderful coffee and wonderful sleep. Try it today!

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## LETTERS

### Revolution & Reaction

Sir:

One paragraph in your Oct. 29 issue packed more punch than volumes I've read in the last five years: "The U.S. is part of a great liberating revolution . . . Soviet aggression is a reactionary attack against that revolution."

It's about time we try to straighten this upside-down world, recognize our own role, and realize that the Soviet Union is like a page ripped from a history of Attila or Machiavelli and inserted into Vol. 1951.

(S/Sgt.) EDWIN A. BUCK JR.

Fort Sill, Okla.

### Envoy to the Vatican

Sir:

As a red-blooded American, I make an emphatic protest over the appointment of an ambassador to the Vatican.

There is no more reason for it than the appointment of an ambassador to the Church of England or to the Latter-Day Saints in Utah . . .

E. E. MAGEE

San Francisco

Sir:

. . . If the Roman Catholic Church is to be recognized as a foreign government with full diplomatic privileges . . . her prelates in this country should be required to register as agents of a foreign government . . .

(Rev.) G. AITKEN TAYLOR

Burlington, N.C.

Sir:

I presume if we American Protestants now protest the appointment of a U.S.

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TIME  
November 12, 1951

Volume LVIII  
Number 25

TIME, NOVEMBER 12, 1951

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In effect, the project is like a comprehensive university course, carried on by the staff of the Museum, in both the history and appreciation of art. Yet the plan is of such a nature that it can be understood and enjoyed by persons of all ages.

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will receive with the first Album, and with every sixth thereafter, a handsome Portfolio in which the Albums may be kept for constant enjoyment and reference. The price for each series is \$1.25, with Album.

\* \* \*

**PLEASE NOTE:** Since The Metropolitan Museum is unequipped to handle the details involved in this project, it has arranged to have the Book-of-the-Month Club, of New York, act as its national distributor. The selection of subjects and the preparation of the color prints remain wholly under the supervision of the Museum. All matters having to do with distribution are handled by the Book-of-the-Month Club.

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ambassador to Rome, McCarthy and his political Catholic Church will accuse us of being Communists . . .

C. C. WINDSOR

San Antonio, Texas

Sir:

. . . There is no need for one to become emotional or religiously biased about the appointment of General Mark Clark. He is there for a good reason . . . Behind the Iron Curtain there are millions of Catholics. Their lips may be sealed, their actions hampered, but their minds and their souls still remain unfettered despite their Soviet antichrist masters . . . Isn't it understandable that we should have a man like General Clark in the Vatican to help coordinate this potential strength? . . .

Let us submerge petty bias and consider that in these millions of unhappy Catholic people of predominantly Catholic countries . . . we have the greatest "underground" secret army the world has ever known . . .

J. CLARK SAMUEL  
An Episcopalian

Foxboro, Mass.

Yup, He Yawped

Sir:

Is TIME serious in its Oct. 22 description of Walt Whitman as an "anarchic old yawper"? Does TIME dismiss then such treasures of American literature as "When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloom'd," "O Captain! My Captain!" "Bivouac on a Mountain Side," and "Song of Myself" to be the mere yawping of an anarchist? . . .

ERWIN W. SMITH

Oxford, England

¶ TIME said anarchic, not anarchist. The reference was to Whitman's own lines from "Song of Myself":

*I too am not a bit tamed,  
I too am untranslatable,  
I sound my barbaric yawp over the  
roofs of the world . . .*—ED.

Rhubarb over Rose's Spinach

Sir:

Regarding your [Oct. 22] review of *The New Yorker Twenty-Fifth Anniversary Album* and the line, "Cartoonist Carl Rose's 'I say it's spinach, and I say the hell with it.'"

The line was originated by E. B. White, and should properly be credited to him rather than to the undersigned. The story of the origin of the cartoon (and its caption) is told in a volume modestly entitled *One Dozen Rivers* (Random House), some rare first editions of which may, very likely, still be procured for 59¢.

CARL ROSE

Rowayton, Conn.

Post-Mortem

Sir:

TIME, Oct. 22, states: "Anywhere else a man in a space suit would have attracted attention, but in Southern California eccentrics were so common that supermarket clerks refused, until too late, to get excited at the appearance of a Man from Mars."

True, we have our share of eccentrics . . . but let me assure you that everyone in the Los Angeles area and especially those living in the San Gabriel Valley knew about and feared the exploits of Space Suiiter Forrest Ray Colson . . .

CHUCK HILLINGER

Los Angeles

Sir:

. . . As it (the Man from Mars) began leveling its shotgun, a patrolman fired one

TIME, NOVEMBER 12, 1951

# THE ALCOHOLIC

**Alcoholism** is the abnormal and uncontrollable use of alcohol to an extent seriously detrimental to physical and mental health. This condition is now recognized as an important medical and public health problem.

It has been estimated by the National Committee on Alcoholism that there are about 65,000,000 people in the United States who drink alcoholic beverages at least occasionally. It is further estimated that some 4,000,000 of these 65,000,000 people have found that the use of alcohol has constituted a more or less serious problem in their lives.

The National Committee also reports that about 750,000 of these users of alcohol have drunk uncontrollably

to such an extent as to have seriously impaired their physical and mental health, as shown by the records of physicians and hospitals. Physicians label this last group definitely as true chronic alcoholics, and point out that, for instance, there are 50 percent more of them than there are known sufferers from tuberculosis.

Fortunately, medical, health, welfare, and religious agencies, industrial and other employers have taken a practical, realistic view of this problem. They are attacking it factually and without undue emotionalism. This enlightened approach offers great hope to all those who now are chronic alcoholics—as well as to those who are running the risk of becoming chronic alcoholics.

## 1. What is the cause of alcoholism?

Authorities have found no one cause for this condition. Research shows, however, that alcoholics are usually people who do not seem able to face life in a mature manner because of some underlying mental or emotional condition which the alcoholic himself may not clearly recognize. They seem to seek escape by excessive drinking—and eventually they become dependent on alcohol just to go on living.

Some authorities also believe that an alcoholic's body chemistry differs from that of normal persons, and that this difference results in an unnatural appetite for alcohol. Excessive drinking, however, is in all cases a *symptom*. Often the symptom can be removed, but it is very apt to return unless the underlying trouble is eliminated.

## 2. What are the dangers of alcoholism?

Both physical and mental disorders may result from excessive drinking. Nutritional disturbances frequently occur, and certain vital organs may be harmed. Eventually most alcoholics undergo distinct personality changes that add to their instability. Alcoholics are definitely "accident prone."

The industrial accident rate among ex-

cessive drinkers is from 100 to 200 percent higher than among non-alcoholics alongside whom they work. Other accident hazards are increased by the excessive use of alcohol. It also takes its toll socially in wrecked family life—and economically it is claimed to cause a loss of almost a billion dollars annually.

## 3. How can medical science help the alcoholic?

Although there is no specific remedy for alcoholism, much can be done to help a person stop drinking completely. The success of any form of treatment, however, depends upon the alcoholic himself who must absolutely want to break the habit. Once he has stopped, most authorities agree that the real alcoholic cannot drink again with safety.

Psychotherapy may be used to help the patient recognize his problems and how to deal with them without the use of alcohol. Certain medicines, which should be used only under the guidance of a doctor, are also available. These medicines may help to wean the patient away from drink.

It is important, too, for the alcoholic to re-establish a routine of healthful living through proper diet, sufficient relaxation and sleep, and attention to other health

measures that are usually disrupted by excessive drinking. In some cases, occupational guidance may be appropriate.

## 4. How can everyone help the alcoholic?

The general public—all of us—can help overcome the prejudices that have long existed about alcoholics by looking upon chronic drinkers as persons subject to serious physical and mental handicaps.

We must help them through sympathy and understanding, and aid them to obtain the type of treatment that they need. This treatment may be individual or group therapy given by the doctor, or mutual aid provided through organizations such as Alcoholics Anonymous.

We can also support and encourage the development of programs for the *scientific* study and control of this problem. In these ways, we can all do our part toward restoring thousands of men and women to healthy, happy, useful lives. Additional information on alcoholism is in Metropolitan's free booklet, 1251T, "The Alcoholic."

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shot from the hip. The figure fell, shot through the temple."  
I don't doubt that Colson was shot through the temple, but where else could it possibly have happened except in movieland? Where else would a man, while leveling a gun at an adversary, turn his profile? ...

GARDNER REA

Brook Haven, N.Y.

Sir:

... Could be family pride ... but my brother, Harry C. Stone, was the cop who shot the "Man from Mars" with one revolver shot, in a crowded grocery store.

Incidentally, the robber was an ex-marine sharpshooter. So is my brother.

DOROTHY BURKHART

Chula Vista, Calif.

For Ike

Sir:

Raymond H. Smith [TIME Letters, Oct. 15] wants to know how others feel about Eisenhower. I feel that while Taft has better preparation for the presidency, he cannot be elected because workmen still pay some attention to the distortions and canmies heaped upon him by the leaders of labor rackets.

Eisenhower is the only man who can beat Truman, with his 17 million recipients of regular Government checks. The racket department of labor, as distinguished from the sincere and patriotic leaders, back Truman because they think they can get the support from him that they need to hold their jobs ... If Truman is re-elected ... nothing Eisenhower can do in Europe will save us from ... bankruptcy at home.

WILLIAM DeWOLF

Kirkland, Wash.

Out for Blood

Sir:

Too bad a "well done" can't honestly be said to civilians in regard to giving blood to the American Red Cross for the armed forces. It is even worse to think our military has to give their blood to the military. Not that they mind, but the principle is what counts.

TIME's Oct. 22 article will go a long way in stimulating a greater desire to give blood for our fighting men.

MRS. EDWARD J. SHEA

Nashville

Sir:

... Since it seems so difficult for the average adult to find his way to a Blood Bank to donate blood for the U.S. armed forces, it occurred to me that a little inducement might help.

Everyone hates to pay taxes and the new increase isn't going to make anyone any happier, but perhaps if a blood donor were permitted to deduct say \$25 from his income tax each time he was a donor, it would make him a little happier tax-wise and also make him feel he was contributing a little more than his dollars to the war effort ...

(MRS.) MARY ELLEN STRAUS

New York City

Reader Straus's suggestion might be a break for taxpayers, but would certainly be a losing proposition for the Treasury. The basic fee for professional blood donors in Manhattan is about \$5.—Ed.

The Pride of Maine

Sir:

Read with great amusement your Oct. 22 article, "Skirmish on Munjoy Hill." With proper management, the city of Portland, Me. could attain the importance of a Boston or New York; with one of the finest natural

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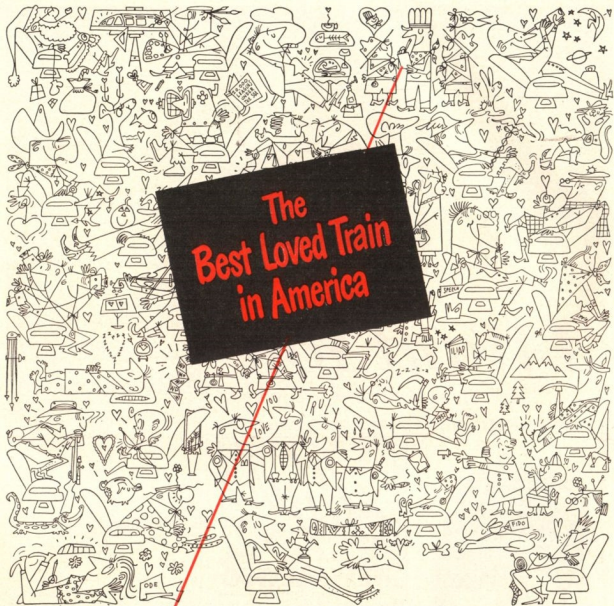
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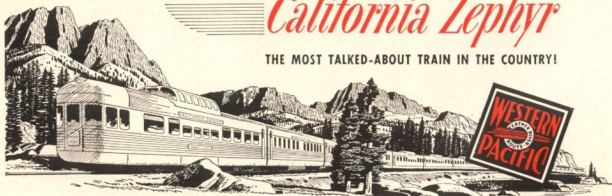


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HAROLD YORK

Van Nuys, Calif.

Sir:

To a former Portland resident your article was most interesting. The fact that "only 25% of its citizens bothered to vote in recent elections" was nothing new for Portland...

The problem of citizen apathy in government in this country will not be solved by any one simple method. Like Portland, other municipalities will have to try many devices to stimulate interest. The main thing, however, is to make the average citizen feel that he has many ways of participating in the process of creating public policy and that in the last analysis what the government does depends on him.

ERNEST R. DALTON

Hackettstown, N.J.

## The McCarthy Story (Cont'd)

Sir:

I would like to nominate U.S. Senator Joseph McCarthy as TIME's Man of the Year for his unmitigated gall in applying the Torquemada technique for alienating thousands of voters from the Republican Party.

RALPH P. SYMONS

Los Angeles

Sir:

How about Joseph Raymond McCarthy for President of the U.S. in 1952?

Your smear story on him reminds one of the smear stories on Al Smith in 1928, when he was a candidate for President...

J. G. SULLIVAN

St. James, Minn.

Sir:

Your story on McCarthy... managed to convey the impression that, maybe way deep down, he is, after all, a pretty good Joe. I submit that he is not. And while I certainly do not believe that a man should be blamed for his pathological character, I do hope that the people of Wisconsin will assume the responsibility of revising their weird senatorial contribution to the state of the nation.

DR. HERBERT BAUER

Sacramento, Calif.

Sir:

Your comments on Senator McCarthy were very much appreciated by me. I have been telling my government classes the same thing for two years.

Of much more importance is the fact that your magazine is the first great publication of national distribution to take a definite and positive stand on this issue. For this you should be commended. If more of our so-called molders of public opinion in Congress had the intestinal fortitude to speak their minds, this parasite would not have gained such influence...

The issue is not a question of should we or should we not ferret out Communists; it is the old problem of preserving the rights and privileges of persons and upholding legal procedures of prosecution...

KENNETH J. CAREY

St. Mary's University  
San Antonio

Sir:

... Compared to Acheson, Jessup etc., even your picture of Joe McCarthy looks like 100% American.

W. H. DAWKINS

San Antonio



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## A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

### Dear Time-Reader

Across from my office are the bound volumes of *TIME* since its first issue early in 1923. In their pages most of us could find a running record of our youth.

What brought this to my mind was the thoughtful assessment of "The Younger Generation" which appeared in last week's issue. I wondered whether *TIME* had ever before attempted such a comprehensive assignment on youth, and found we hadn't. What I did discover, however, was that the pages of *TIME* have carried the deep imprint of the youth of each decade of our existence.

Even before we started publishing, our prospectus included a "catalogue of prejudices" which in part foreshadowed our



VASSAR'S DAISY CHAIN  
Tradition

later reports on youth. Prejudices five and six were:

"5. A respect for the old, particularly in manners.

"6. An interest in the new, particularly in ideas."

From the very beginning, our second issue, on March 10, 1923, noted that a University of California professor "told his mixed class in English that 7,000 of the 10,000 students at Berkeley 'should be attached to the handle of a pick or a frying pan.'"

Three weeks later students at the Louisiana Girls' College struck back, gave 23 faculty members an intelligence test.

Among the teachers' answers: they defined sequins as fish, named Al Jolson as a wrestling champion, Maraschino a Premier of Russia and Filet Mignon an opera by Puccini.

In 1924 President Marion LeRoy Burton of the University of Michigan told a convocation:

"You students are lazy. You loaf, you gamble." *TIME* carried his remarks in the March 24 issue, with a footnote recalling that Hamlet had berated his young contemporaries in Elsinore with the words: "You jig, you amble."

The young ladies of America stole the stage that summer. Minneapolis school

officials split over the issue of starting a course for beauticians. Superintendent W. F. Webster of the Vocational High School was quoted by *TIME*: "The American women want bobbed hair . . . The new style . . . has created a new demand for a particular kind of service. This demand is as real as is the demand for dressmakers or milliners." Board of Education President A. P. Ortuist retorted: "It is criminal to spend the taxpayers' money to teach girls to bob hair and clean fingernails." (Time noted on March 2, 1925 that the Daisy Chain ceremony would continue at Vassar, even though critics condemned it as "cheap and vulgar," resembling "a bathing-beauty contest.")

On Sept. 7, 1925, Manhattan Pastor John Roach Straton led that year's cry against youth when he told of a tour through New York dance halls. *TIME* quoted him: "In one dance hall . . . we saw through 5,000 and 6,000 young men and women . . . locked tightly in each other's embrace, in many cases with the cheek of the girl against the cheek of the man."

That year a matinee idol died at the age of 31. *TIME* reported of Rudolph Valentino's funeral that "traffic was choked with grieving thousands."

F. Scott Fitzgerald was recognized quickly as a mirror of his generation by our Books section. On March 29, 1926, reviewing *All the Sad Young Men*, *TIME* noted that he was no longer writing about the youth exclusively

in terms of "petting and orange juice." Other beverages quaffed by youth made headlines during the '20s. The night that radios blared the nomination of Al Smith for the presidency, federal prohibition agents raided more than a dozen Manhattan nightclubs, including that of Helen Morgan. *TIME* later reported the testimony of an agent who said Miss Morgan had told him: "The college boys drink gin . . . They generally have only about \$30 to spend in an evening and bring their own."

The voice of Clara Bow, national symbol of young glamour, was first recorded for the movies in Paramount's *The Wild Party*, which *TIME* on April 15, 1929



Associated Press  
CLARA BOW  
Symbol

said took place at a college "where all the girls are good-looking, talk musical-comedy English, make love instead of study, and wear clothes that must have cost . . . a pretty penny."

Hard times for youth were reflected almost from the start of the depression. *TIME* noted in 1932 that some colleges were accepting "farm produce for tuition." A more despairing note was evident by 1936, when one *TIME* article began: "In 1925 the cry of buoyant U.S. Youth was 'Let's go!' In 1930 it was a cynical, 'Oh, yeah?' By 1935 it had degenerated to a hopeless 'So what?'" The American Youth Commission, *TIME* said, had found "the spiritual ravages of Depression" difficult to measure. Sociologist



JOBLESS  
Revolution

Edvard Lindeman saw in the 2,875,000 federal relief clients from 16 to 24 "the backlog of a future revolution."

A June 6, 1938 article reported that the commission had found "even youth's fun depressing. The reason: youth hunts fun mostly alone or in pairs instead of in groups." (Contrast with 1951's Minneapolis girl who complained that group thinking, rather than individualism, is what is wrong with the newest generation of youth.) "A large part of U.S. youth today," said the 1938 report, "is apathetic, discontented, increasingly prone to look to the Federal Government to do its thinking and planning for it."

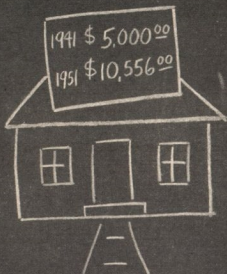
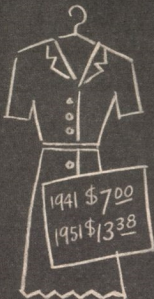
The ailment was one many of our correspondents noted still present today. In



so doing, many of them, like many of our writers and editors, were talking of their own generation. A quick check shows that 34 names on *TIME*'s masthead represent the younger generation, defined as "18 to 28" in the article last week.

Cordially yours,

James A. Linen



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TIME, NOVEMBER 12, 1951

# TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

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## NATIONAL AFFAIRS

### THE NATION

#### The Question of Ike

In the year 1951, it was Ike Eisenhower's destiny that the U.S. should look at him over the shoulder of a question mark. When his five-starred Constellation took off from Paris last week, the full-time business of running Europe's defenses may have been uppermost in his mind, but he landed, nonetheless, right in the middle of the biggest question of domestic politics: Is Ike a candidate for President in 1952? Reporters asked it as he landed at New York's Mitchel Field, asked it again when he greeted his grandchildren at Fort Knox, Ky., and asked it every time he turned around in Washington.

Ike's answers had just enough iron in them to make them soldierly and just enough evasion to make them interesting. "I have never had any political aspirations *period*." Is he a Republican or a Democrat? "I will not indicate political leanings of any kind . . . I'm on a job in which the United States has invested worlds and worlds of treasure and time and thought, and for me to imply or indicate any partisan political leanings of any kind would be a disservice to the country." Could a reporter say the general was definitely not a candidate? "Of course you can't say that."

Washington's political soothsayers skipped a heartbeat as Ike, on his way to his appointment with Harry Truman, stopped in the White House lobby to look at a painting called *The Peacemakers*. In the picture are Abraham Lincoln, General Grant, the first professional soldier to become a U.S. President, and General Sherman, a professional soldier who refused a presidential nomination. Ike said that he had been discussing the picture recently. He pointed up to a fourth man in the picture, Admiral David Dixon Porter, and said with a poker face: "This is the one I couldn't remember."

Ike and Truman climbed into the presidential limousine and were off to Blair House and a private luncheon that lasted for more than an hour. On the way over, Truman showed Ike some pictures of the renovated White House.

Would Truman invite Ike to move in by offering him the Democratic nomina-

tion? It was a wild guess. But certainly Republicans-for-Ike seemed worse off, at the moment, for Ike's homecoming. Up to now, they had been able to push their bandwagon on the strength of confidential hints and wise looks brought back from Ike's headquarters in Marly. But now, as New York Timesman Arthur Krock put it, the Sphinx had come to the Cave of



ARRIVAL IN THE U.S.  
The Sphinx had come to the Cave of the Winds.

the Winds. As Ike was leaving the White House, a reporter asked: "Have you given anyone authority or a go-ahead to undertake any political activity in your behalf?" Ike stared at the reporter and snorted. Then his eyebrows went up and he exploded "No!"

He left the political uproar behind as he crossed the Potomac for his conferences at the Pentagon. There all signs indicated that he was gravely preoccupied about the business of defending Europe. He needed a fighting army by 1952, and he had been getting only one-fifth of the heavy arms aid the U.S. had promised NATO's armies (see FOREIGN NEWS). But whether Ike had come home to talk Western defense or U.S. politics, or both, the U.S. was going to be looking his way for a lot of answers.

### THE CAPITAL

#### Better Than Helen Hayes

At the Blair House dinner for Great Britain's Princess Elizabeth last week, President Harry Truman rose, looked down with a smile at his small, resplendent royal guest and voiced a thought which would probably not have occurred to any other head of state, "When I was a little boy," he said, "I read about a fairy princess." Then, with a gallant wave of his hand, he added, "And there she is."

Washington's citizenry, which had been brought up on an American diet of fairy princesses too, seemed to feel the same way about Elizabeth's 45-hour visit to the capital. The city viewed it as something like watching Helen Hayes play the young Victoria, but with a real President, real ambassadors, dozens of motorcycle cops and the Marine Band in the cast.

**Meet the Press.** From the moment she stepped down the ramp from a Royal Canadian Air Force DC-4M at Washington's National Airport, it became apparent that newspaper pictures had never done justice to Elizabeth's delicate coloring or warm smile. She was both tinier and prettier than most who saw her had guessed. But it was quickly apparent, too, that she was a hardworking, quietly tense—and extremely enduring—young woman, engaged in a nervous and difficult task.

Within the hour after arriving, she had smiled repeatedly for cameramen (who took to crying, "Hi, Highness!" to attract her attention), reviewed an honor guard, and read a reply to the President's little speech of welcome. She rode up Constitution Avenue while crowds, estimated at half a million, many bearing Union Jacks, waved to her. She changed clothes hurriedly at Blair House, and drove off to meet a thousand men & women of the Washington press corps who had jammed into the Presidential Room of the Statler Hotel to give her the Eagle Eye and the Big Once Over.

It was, as British embassy officials had warned her, a critical point of her visit. When kindly old Paul Wootton of the New Orleans *Times-Picayune* announced coyly during a speech of welcome that her husband, the Duke of Edinburgh, was "mas-



John Zimmerman

HUSKEY

The key: motion.

ter of his own house," she gave Wootton what could only be described as a gelid and queenly stare. But she smiled as he finished, listened gracefully to four more speeches.

Then, at Wootton's side, she moved slowly around the crowd, pausing occasionally to shake hands and chat. When she finished, both Washington's male correspondents and over-dressed newshens were hers. The Washington *Times-Herald* (now owned by Chicago's Britain-hating Colonel Bertie McCormick) did run a cartoon which showed the Princess and her husband riding a broomstick, and which was captioned "Trick or Treat." Furthermore, it reported that the Princess forgot at one point to pull the shades before changing her dress at Blair House. Except for this sniping, she enjoyed a fine press.

**Wet Feet & Cough Mixture.** Next morning, Elizabeth laid a wreath on the grave of the Unknown Soldier at Arlington National Cemetery, drove to Mount Vernon to lay another on Washington's tomb, and tramped across the Mount Vernon lawns, getting her feet wet in the process. Before going to lunch, she received ambassadors from eight Commonwealth countries. That afternoon, in a hall room at the British embassy, she met 2,000 politicians, Supreme Court justices, diplomats, and members of Washington society—who not only basked momentarily in the royal presence, but passed on out to a huge, green-carpeted, gas-heated tent on the grounds to sample a royal plentitude of Scotch and fine champagne. The Princess, who wore a teal-blue dress, long black gloves and a black hat, shook hands steadily from 3:30 to 4, retired for five minutes for a cup of tea, returned, and shook hands again until after 5:30.

By this time the capital not only approved heartily of the Princess, but had gained an enthusiastic regard for her husband, the Duke of Edinburgh. The tall

(6 ft. 2 in.), handsome Duke seemed to be having a wonderful time wherever he went. Women in sidewalk crowds squealed, "Oh, there he is," when he beamed and waved from automobiles. Politicos found him a man with an enviable campaign manner. And he won Washington's newsmen, too—at the Statler Hotel reception he watched one scribbling scribe for a moment, seized his scrawled notes and quipped: "I'm sure if you took this to a chemist, he'd give you a cough mixture."

When the royal couple left the city on the third afternoon of their visit, many a Washingtonian heaved a genuine sigh of regret. At the same time, however, most were rather glad to hear that Elizabeth and her Duke were going to get two days at a snowbound lodge in the Laurentian Mountains, to rest up from Washington hospitality.

### "Good Morning, Bill"

The Princess and the Duke made their rounds of Washington without a serious breakdown in schedule, a mob scene, a sullen threat, or even a burst of Irish heckling. Partly this was due to the good manners of the capital's experienced parade watchers, and partly to the good management of a 175-lb. ex-cop, Bill Huskey, who carries the title of "special assistant to the chief, division of security, Department of State."

With a skill that comes from nine years of practice, Huskey began grappling with the schedule and security arrangements for the royal visit 2½ months ago. First he was called in for a series of conferences with the royal advance agent, the ambassadors of Great Britain and Canada, and State's protocol experts. His was the voice that advised how much sightseeing could be accomplished in the time at hand, where the capital crowds would be thickest and where the risks would be greatest.

Just before the Princess and the Duke landed, Huskey's State Department agents, the cops and plainclothesmen of the metropolitan police inspected every foot of the excursion routes. At the Washington Cathedral, for example, Huskey paced off cathedral rooms all one morning to see precisely how much walking would fit into the royal schedule. One of Huskey's safety principles is to keep his wards in motion. With this precaution, he allowed Washington street crowds to get much closer to the Princess than Canadian crowds were allowed.

Throughout the week, Bill rode in the front seat of the royal limousine to make sure that his split-second timing worked. The first day he slid in beside the chauffeur there was no comment from the back seat. By the second morning, the Princess apparently had done some checking, piped up with a cheery "Good morning, Huskey." The third day, it was "Good morning, Bill." But Bill Huskey's greatest satisfaction was the wide-eyed amazement of the visiting Mounties and Scotland Yard at the thoroughness of his arrangements. Says Bill: "The Scotland Yard guy and the Mounties were flabbergasted."

## FOREIGN RELATIONS

### A Closer Companionship

In Manhattan last week, a distinguished British elder statesman rose to address the Foreign Policy Association. As wartime ambassador to Washington, Lord Halifax had been entrusted by Winston Churchill with a crucial job in building wartime cooperation between the U.S. and Britain. Halifax, now 79, spoke with grave pride of "the close companionship, in peace as in war, of your people and mine."

Said he: "The importance of this association to us both is so great, if we want to live our lives in the same sort of fashion as we have done up to now, that it is almost inconceivable to me that any future administration in Great Britain, or for that matter in the United States, would ever consciously and deliberately let itself do anything to undermine that partnership on which the defense of the free world so vitally depends. . . . If in 1914 Germany had been confronted at the outset with an unbreakable association of Britain, her Commonwealth and the United States, built on the conviction that what affects one party to the association immediately affects all, would that war ever have happened?" Halifax thought not—nor would Hitler have invaded Poland.

"So today in 1951, so long as our present partnership endures. . . . I believe we have a much better than even chance of keeping peace. But the opposite is true, too. If ever, in a mood of impatience with each other, or by allowing distrust and suspicion to spread like poison ivy,\* or even perhaps by some single act of folly,

\* This simile may require some explanation in Halifax's country. Poison ivy does not grow wild in Europe, although the Russians have cultivated some poison ivy plants in the famed Nikitsky Botanic Gardens near Yalta.



International

HALIFAX

The key: permanence.

we were to allow the friendship and cooperation of our peoples to fade, we might well wake up one morning to find that we had touched off the signal for the third world war to begin.

"The so-called 'cold war' had no recognizable beginning, and, I am afraid, has no foreseeable end . . . We must think in terms of a continuing partnership—or perhaps of something more than a partnership—a relationship which cannot be dissolved, between our two countries."

## Clamor in the Mailbag

A new sign appeared last week on the long mail-sorting tables in the executive office building next door to the White House. It was labeled "Clark." Under it piled the blizzard of communications to the White House about Harry Truman's nomination of General Mark Clark as the first U.S. Ambassador to the Vatican.<sup>9</sup> By week's end 21,000 letters and telegrams had arrived, the biggest and most clamorous bag of mail delivered to the White House on any issue in recent years, except the firing of Douglas MacArthur. Score: 6 to 1 against the Clark nomination.

In New York, the general board of the National Council of Churches of Christ in the U.S.A. met and issued a statement: sending an ambassador to the head of a church would be "an alarming threat to basic American principles." After approving the statement, the board authorized the Council head, Bishop Henry Knox Sherrill, to coordinate the nationwide Protestant opposition. The goal: get Harry Truman to withdraw the nomination, or Congress to reject it.

## Allocation for Allah

For years, Washington's Moslems have had to spread their prayer rugs wherever they might, for they had no mosque. On Jan. 11, 1949, the 1,379th birthday of Mohammed, the cornerstone for the capital's first mosque was laid at Massachusetts Ave. and Belmont Road. It was slow abuilding. Egypt anted up its share of the cost, but other Moslem countries dallied.

Last May, with the mosque still only half finished, the National Production Authority clamped controls on materials for religious structures. Washington's mosque was short 40.5 tons of steel for the roof and a 150-ft. minaret. NPA refused to allocate more steel for 1951's last quarter. So Hassan Hosny, Egyptian embassy third secretary and secretary general of the Mosque Foundation, appealed to the State Department.

State gave NPA the high sign. Last week NPA gave Hosny his steel.<sup>†</sup> Some time next year Washington's Moslems would have a place to park their shoes.

<sup>9</sup> Thirty-six nations have representatives at the Vatican. Eighteen predominantly Catholic countries (e.g., Brazil) send ambassadors. But 18 other countries (e.g., Great Britain) send only ministers.

<sup>†</sup> But turned down six other Washington-area applicants. Among them: the Washington (Episcopal) Cathedral and the First Advent Christian Church.

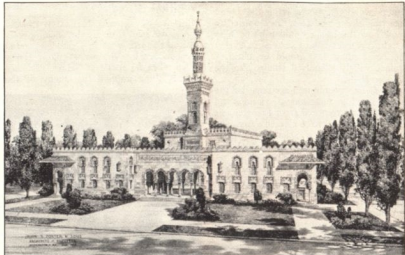
## ARMED FORCES

### Exercise Desert Rock

Las Vegas, Nev. had not seen so many soldiers since World War II. Every evening, swarms of shouting, jostling officers and G.I.s from every branch of the service—paratroopers, artillerymen, medics, engineers—roamed the streets and filled the gambling palaces. The hotels were jammed with high brass, and the big silvery transports sweeping down on McCarran Field kept adding to the flood. Then the planes stopped coming in, the khaki-clad Army abruptly vanished. Out on the desert, 65 miles away, 5,000 hand-picked troops were

ed three, turned around and looked at the huge fireball seven miles away (see NEWS IN PICTURES). It was bright red, and churning. Big Brother kept up a calm, steady patter, explaining what was happening. The blast wave rustled by. One paratrooper confusedly stood up, too soon. The returning wave knocked him flat. A deep, sharp "whoomp" echoed and rumbled off the mountain walls.

The men listened as Big Brother pointed out every change in color, explaining which gases and rays were being released. They saw the atomic cloud grow and blossom into the familiar mushroom shape.\* When the cloud reached its full height and



WASHINGTON MOSQUE (ARCHITECT'S SKETCH)  
Priority for a steel minaret.

Leet Brothers

getting their final briefing before Exercise Desert Rock—the G.I.'s introduction to atomic warfare.

**Big Brother Explains.** One morning before dawn, huge trucks hauled the troops out to the AEC proving grounds. The loudspeaker voice nicknamed "Big Brother" boomed out instructions: sit down, back to the blast, count three after the flash, then swing around, but don't get up. Some of the men played cards, others tried to read, played nervously with Geiger counters, or just stared at the dust-pluming jeeps scurrying from group to group.

A red-tailed B-29 from Kirtland Air Force Base droned overhead. The G.I.s put away their cards. The plane began to circle. Big Brother started ticking off the seconds. The words "Bomb away" came over the loudspeaker.

For 30 seconds, there was the loudest hush 5,000 men have ever heard. The inevitable joker uttered the inevitable "pop," but his voice quavered. Then came a flash that outshone the sun.

With their backs to the blast, the men saw the surrounding mountains stand out in sharp contrast, felt the earth shake and a wave of heat. It was "like someone had sneaked up on me and breathed heavily on my skin," said a G.I. They slowly count-

ed the dust began to settle, the troops were checked for radioactivity and climbed back into their trucks. The mushroom top broke away and passed under the sun, blotting it out. The trucks rolled forward into the haze and the sour smell of burned cacti and Joshua trees.

On the mountains surrounding Frenchman's Flat, the newsmen barred from the proving grounds (see PRESS) watched a 60-m.p.h. gale drive the atomic cloud toward Las Vegas. The AEC said that the cloud traveled at 40,000 ft., but on Charleston Peak a reporter at the 8,000-ft. level said the cloud passed directly over him about 1,000 ft. up. His shoes showed 10 milliroentgens of radiation, his car over 20 milliroentgens (50 to 100 roentgens are dangerous).

On the desert below, the Geigermen and biological experts started into the blast area. A thousand paratroopers of the 11th Airborne Division and other troops followed them in trucks. Combat teams stormed their objectives: command posts, foxholes and gun emplacements with ani-

\* The story was going around Las Vegas last week that two Indians were sending smoke signals out on the desert, when they saw one of the atomic-bomb blasts. "Damn," said one, pointing out the mushroom cloud, "I wish I'd said that."

imals to represent the enemy. "No souvenirs, pick up no souvenirs," Big Brother kept repeating.

**A Sergeant Sums Up.** When they returned to camp, the men were quickly herded into showers. Some were given test forms to fill out. Did you sweat? Did your heart beat fast at any time? Did you lose bladder control? Most of the answers were no. "I wasn't any more nervous than I would be making a jump," answered one trooper. "In fact, I wasn't even that nervous." The paratroopers said that they would not hesitate to jump into an A-bombed area. They began to think of the atom in terms of tactics. Some thought well-dug-in troops could survive the blast. Others wondered if the table-flat target area provided a real test; they wanted to know how the bomb would work in hilly terrain. Veterans from Korea doubted that the bomb they saw would be effective against widely dispersed troops like the Chinese Reds.

The G.I.s who a month ago regarded the atomic bomb as something mysterious and uncontrollable returned from Frenchman's Flat with some cobwebs cleared away. The bomb was neither a scientist's private miracle nor a surefire home-run pinch hitter, but a potent new weapon to be respected and used on the battlefield. They would go back to their outfits with a good working idea of what it could do to them and the enemy.

A master sergeant summed it up: "When I saw that cloud rising at the bottom like fog coming up out of the sea, I began to get the idea of what atomic warfare might be like."

## Safety First

Not everyone in Korea dreams longingly of the day a troopship will carry him home. At least one G.I., 30-year-old Sergeant Ralph Ripley of Portland, Ore., refuses to be rotated. Ripley explained that, as a regimental postmaster, he can spend all of his free time working on his \$35,000 stamp collection without interference. "You're safe from women overseas. I had a lot of buddies who went back and they got hooked."

## VETERANS

### Slump

The rolls of big veterans' groups are going down. Since 1946, the American Legion has dropped from 3,325,000 to 2,725,000 members, the Veterans of Foreign Wars from 1,500,000 to 1,250,000. These figures represent net losses in a rapid turnover; V.F.W., for instance, lost 1,250,000 members and found 1,000,000 replacements.

The Legion bravely compares its 18% decline to the 28% loss suffered in the comparable period after World War I. Organizers say that demobilized men join the veterans' outfits, get married, drift out of contact with their organizations, then renew membership after a few years. They hope the veterans-organization picture will be brighter before 1960.

## BUREAUCRACY

### Ups & Downs

For the first time since June 1950, the Federal Government's payroll dropped. In September, 11,875 civilian employees were cut from U.S. payrolls. Left at work: 2,495,519. In another direction, Government rolls are still increasing. The New York Times this week reported that 12 million people are now receiving monthly payments (other than salaries) from Government sources. The total is up 500,000 since January.

## POLITICAL NOTES

### Whither Dixie?

From Cape Charles to Corpus Christi, the word had spread: the election-year plan of the anti-Truman Democrats would be launched by Virginia's Senator Harry Byrd when he spoke at Selma, Ala. Advance billing implied that many of the

message was one of tactical caution. He said no word to encourage formation of a Dixiecrat party. "We must meet the conditions as they develop," was Byrd's theme. That meant that the anti-Truman Southerners would stay in the party, and try to win concessions at the Democratic Convention. If Truman is nominated and no concessions are forthcoming, Southern leaders might consider a candidate of their own. Their choice: Georgia's able Senator Dick Russell, who is shrewdly silent on his own attitude toward 1952. Or, if Eisenhower is nominated by the Republicans, Southern Democratic leaders can sit back and complacently watch a lot of Southern votes go to Ike. When Byrd had concluded his speech, Herman Talmadge agreed that he would wait "to see the whites of their eyes."

### \$420,000 in the Pot

When Bob Taft stepped out of an airplane at Chicago one day last week, an enthusiastic Republican delegation was there to welcome him. Among them was Miss Constance O'Brien, who stepped up and gave him a Taft-for-President button that her grandfather wore in 1908 when William Howard Taft, the Senator's father, ran for President.

Robert Taft was in Chicago, heart of the Taft country, to help Republicans raise money and to further his candidacy for the presidential nomination. For 30 hours Illinois Republicans reverently escorted their man on a whirlwind schedule from ham-and-eggs breakfast to political confab to press conference to lunch to cocktail party to dinner. At the press conference the candidate was affable and at ease, even when the touchy questions came up. What if General Eisenhower seeks the Republican nomination? "I don't think it would make much difference," said Taft. "The people who are for me are for me. They're not for me conditionally." What about Wisconsin's Joe McCarthy? "As far as McCarthy's campaign against Communists in Government, I'm for it," Taft replied. "I don't know whether I approve his methods or not. Sometimes I approve. Sometimes I don't."

The big affair, a Republican fund-raising dinner in the vast, concrete-floored International Amphitheater, required six special kitchens with 30 cooks, 60 kitchen helpers and 300 waitresses.

After dinner there was a "pageant," produced at a cost of \$16,000 with a cast of 150. Narrators, musicians, singers, actors and ballet dancers extolled Republican virtues, lambasted Democrats, burlesqued Franklin Roosevelt and Harry Truman. Bob Taft, making penciled changes in his speech, watched little of it. Then he rose to bear down on the issues: the Truman Administration is leading the country away from free enterprise toward socialism. Its foreign-relations blunders built up the Communist menace, led to war in Korea. Corruption in government, sharply illustrated now by the income-tax racketeers, must be swept out.

When the night's proceeds were tallied,



SENATOR BYRD  
For the Stars & Bars, caution.

Southland's big shots would be there. The appointed day was bleak and drizzly. Only 2,700 people turned out, and they included few notables. Georgia's truculent Herman Talmadge and Mississippi's Fielding Wright, a lame duck, were the only governors present. Other than Byrd, there were no Senators.

The poor showing seemed to portend a lack of fervor toward the states' rights cause. "We must not," Byrd warned, "be lulled into a sense of false security if there is some delay in taking up these [civil rights] bills," which he called a "devil's brew." As his tie, ablaze with a Stars & Bars design, fluttered in the wet breeze, Byrd charged Truman with trying to "usurp state police power" by setting up a special FBI for the South, and with following "the primrose path to socialism."

While lambasting Truman, Byrd's main

they showed that 4,200 dinner tickets at \$100 each had poured \$420,000 into the Republican campaign pot. It was the biggest fund-raising affair Republicans had ever had.<sup>2</sup>

## Most Important Question

Last week the Gallup poll took a sounding on 18 prospective presidential candidates. The first choice, by a large margin, was General Dwight D. Eisenhower.

He led in every section of the country. In the West, runner-up was California's Earl Warren, in the Middle West Ohio's Robert Taft, in the East and the South Truman. The ranking choices:

Eisenhower	28%
Truman	13%
MacArthur	13%
Taft	12%
Warren	8%
Stassen	4%
Dewey	4%
Barkley	4%
F. D. Roosevelt Jr.	3%

Potential Taft support is probably greater than these figures indicate. MacArthur is almost certainly "not available," and much of his support may be transferable to Taft.

## The Veepster

Vice President Alben W. Barkley is 73 years old. In five days last week, Barkley, stumping for the Democratic ticket in a Kentucky state election, made speeches at Ashland, Pikesville, Cynthia, Covington, Glasgow, Scottsville, Bowling Green, Elizabethtown, Henderson, Madisonville, Princeton and Hopkinsville. Home in Paducah a day before the election, the Veep made a dozen more speeches in neighboring towns. After the campaign was over, this week he was slated to speak at Cincinnati and Columbus before whipping out to the West Coast for seven speeches in seven days.

## A Man Who Understands

Only a polite ripple of applause greeted Frank E. McKinney of Indianapolis when he strode down the aisle in Washington's Mayflower Hotel to accept Bill Boyle's old job of chairman of the Democratic National Committee. As far as the national committeemen could tell last week, big Frank McKinney looked like Boyle and walked like Boyle. Like Boyle, he was a Midwesterner, an Irish Catholic, a machine Democrat, and Harry Truman's hand-picked choice for the job. But the Democrats soon discovered that Frank McKinney didn't talk like Boyle.

"I can assure you," he said, while Bill Boyle stared glumly at the ceiling, "that if there is anyone in headquarters who should not be there, or whose hands are not clean, I shall dismiss him. . . ." Then, with a series of broom-strokes, he: 1) demanded, within 48 hours, a detailed de-

scription of every committee employee's job, salary and political references; 2) promised to weed out "supernumeraries"; 3) froze all committee expenditures until a new executive committee could audit the budget; 4) declared he would serve without salary. (Boyle was paid \$35,000 a year.) "May no act of mine," McKinney said evenly, "ever prove embarrassing to the President, my family, the Democratic Party or myself."

**Reversal.** When McKinney stopped talking, Fair Dealers and Southern Democrats cheered. Next day McKinney tackled the gravest party scandal of all: he urged the President to see that all U.S. collectors of internal revenue are appointed through civil service instead of political pull. After listening to McKinney, Truman reversed his own stand of three weeks earlier, announced that he would ask Congress to enact the civil-service proposal into law next January.

The forceful new Democratic boss, at



JOHN ZIMMERMAN  
CHAIRMAN MCKINNEY  
For pipelines, a cutoff.

47, is a hard-working, cigar-puffing banker and sportsman with four children. The son of an Indianapolis fireman (now the city's fire chief), Frank McKinney went to work in a bank at 15, and broke into politics in 1934 as the Democratic nominee for county treasurer. The job was a choice plum: by law, the treasurer was allowed to keep a percentage (from 3% to 6%) of all delinquent taxes he could collect. On the strength of his anticipated income (which actually ran between \$35,000 and \$40,000 a year), McKinney borrowed enough more to buy the controlling interest in Indianapolis' Fidelity Trust Co. From its presidency he jumped profitably in & out of real estate, radio stations, tractor manufacturing and professional baseball (Louisville Colonels, Indianapolis Indians, Pittsburgh Pirates). Last spring he resigned as treasurer of the State Dem-

ocratic Committee and vowed he was through with politics.

**Resignation.** When Harry Truman induced McKinney to take the chairmanship, reporters got wind of another fact: McKinney was vice president of a pipeline company which is trying to get a Government priority for 100,000 tons of scarce steel. McKinney wrote out his resignation to the pipeline company and announced he would sell all his stock in it. In any other year this would have been incidental. But in 1951 it was an action louder than words to show that the new Democratic chairman understands what the next campaign is going to be all about.

## THE CONGRESS

### The Travelers

No sooner had Congress recessed than the armed services were deluged with requests from Congressmen who wanted transportation to almost every spot in the known world. Last week between 110 and 120 Senators and Representatives were down for trips on official business, at taxpayers' expense.

Two Congressmen are hopping around the Pacific inspecting the U.S.'s scattered trust territories; about 35 are headed for Latin America. Most Congressmen concentrated on Europe. Traveling House members swarmed into Europe to study U.S. bases, embassies, loan operations and ECA efforts.

News men noted with professional cynicism that not one junket was scheduled for Korea—where accommodations are meager and entertainment small. But it was a measure of the U.S.'s changed role that nearly all the travelers were going on legitimate business. In 1951, the world had become a U.S. Congressman's proper province.

## TAXES

### The Big Golt

The Bureau of Internal Revenue was so polite about the new gambling tax. So friendly. No television cameras. No lawyers. No subpoenas. It just wanted bookies to 1) fill out form 11-C, giving their real names, their addresses and the names of their partners and employees, 2) buy a \$50 federal tax stamp which, in effect, would label them as professional gamblers, and 3) turn over 10% of their gross business to the Government.

Experts estimated that the new tax, if paid, would bring in \$400 million. From the way things looked last week, it might never bring in \$4,000. But it had a far more profound effect, which may have been the real intention of Congress when it wrote the new law: the gambling business of the U.S. almost came to a standstill. A 10% tax on gross business was probably more than the traffic would bear. Even more discouraging was form 11-C. Names and addresses on it would be open to local police, who are supposed to enforce anti-gambling laws in 47 states (gambling is legal in Nevada). Even a

\* But the Democrats still hold the record. They scooped up \$530,000 (\$3,000 dinners at \$100 per) at a Jefferson-Jackson dinner in Washington last April.

bribed policeman would find it hard to protect a gambler whose name and address appeared on a federal list.

The Internal Revenue Bureau shipped out thousands of stamps (marked "This is a tax receipt—not a license"), but at week's end only a few gamblers had applied for them. Instead:

¶ In New Orleans, bookies and numbers operators closed.

¶ In Boston, gamblers thought that a way around the law would be found; meanwhile operations ceased.

¶ In Los Angeles, one lawyer said that he had received 200 telephone calls from distressed and bewildered bookies who suspended business pending legal clarification.

¶ In Las Vegas, Nev., twelve legal horse parlors closed. They did not mind form 11-C or the stamp, but they said the 10% tax was impossible. Other kinds of Nevada gambling continued, with the tax passed on to the customers.

¶ In Washington, a suit challenging the constitutionality of the tax was filed.

¶ In Omaha, most bookies closed down, but did not consider their long-range situation hopeless. Said a bookie to a reporter: "I'll lay you 8 to 5 we beat this law."

Meanwhile, form 11-C was the biggest jolt to the American gambling fraternity since 1913, when Donerail won the Kentucky Derby at 91 to 1.

## LABOR

### Revolt Against a System

The world's greatest seaport lay 90% idle last week, New York's usual chorus of hooting ships reduced to an occasional lonely wail.

Immediate events leading to this paralysis began Oct. 11, when Joe Ryan, burly boss of the International Longshoremen's Association (A.F.L.), made a happy announcement: the union had voted, 2-1, to ratify a new two-year contract. That certainly didn't sound as if a strike was coming, but that was just what it meant on the New York waterfront.

**A Union Divided.** Time after time since World War II, a substantial number of men who load and unload ships have left the docks because they did not agree with Labor Boss Ryan, who in 1943 managed to get himself elected president of the union for life, at \$20,000 a year. Four days after his Oct. 11 announcement that the contract had been ratified, longshoremen began to walk off the job. Gene Sampson, who heads one of the 32 New York-area locals, became their spokesman, as he had in previous revolts. The strikers, Sampson said, were dissatisfied with the pay rate and other provisions in the new contract, did not recognize it as binding, thought the vote run by Ryan was unfair, and wanted negotiations reopened.

The new contract was the occasion for the strike, not the cause. Longshoremen had seized an opportunity to revolt against the whole racket-ridden system which surrounds them: the humiliating



Associated Press

LOUIS TURINI  
"What am I to do?"

daily "shape-up" at which they line up for jobs, the gangsters, chisellers and thieves who infest the waterfront as work gang leaders and hiring bosses, forcing longshoremen to pay for the right to work. For years this situation has been tolerated by Union President Ryan, by the New York Shipping Association, which represents the management of 161 steamship lines and other port industries, and by the New York police. Now the strikers, with no definite aims in view, were expressing a deep-seated protest.

**Costliest Ever.** It became the costliest strike in the port's history. By the end of last week, estimates of its toll included \$1 billion worth of cargo tied up, financial losses of \$40 million, 90% of the 35,000 New York longshoremen off the job, 135 piers idle and 120 ships tied up.

Ryan pleaded with the strikers to go back to work, but got no results. An appeal by President Truman had no more effect than Ryan's.

The strikers were broke and glum and searching for a face-saving way to get back on the job. While more pay and other contract improvements would bring them back to work now, there will be no substantial peace on the waterfront until the rackets and racketeers are cleaned out.

## SEQUELS

### Jump! Jump! Jump!

Every evening, as darkness falls in Louisville, a big beer sign on top of a building at Fifth and Walnut Streets begins flashing a bright neon-lighted toast: "HERE'S GOOD LUCK TO YOU." One rainy night last week, its intermittent flash disclosed an odd, yet strangely familiar spectacle. A dark-haired youth was edging his way up a fire-escape ladder high on the 19-story Kentucky Hotel. The climber reached the top, took a quick step and

balanced erect on a narrow ledge at the roof level—just as a 19-year-old soldier who called himself Louis Turini had balanced on a narrow ledge of Boston's Touraine Hotel and threatened to jump one drizzly evening last June.

After that, Louisville was treated to a terrifying replay of the Boston incident. The Louisville crowd reacted exactly like the Boston crowd. Voices from the street called, "Jump! Jump! Jump!" One cried, "Hurry up, I've got to go to work in 30 minutes." The figure on the Louisville ledge reacted, in turn, just like the figure who had poised on the ledge in Boston. He took off his shirt and threw it down to the street as the crowd yelled.

During the Boston incident, a hotel flunky, a priest, various policemen and a pretty girl from the crowd had taken turns in a desperate attempt to dissuade the would-be suicide from jumping. Last week in Louisville, a duplicate cast arrived, as if by magic, to plead with the ledge-walker on the Kentucky Hotel. A hotel clerk named Melvin Tobias leaned out a 10th-floor window, began trying to talk the youth down. A police lieutenant named R. C. Walling quickly arrived on the scene. The clerk and the cop were soon joined by a priest, Father William H. Zahner of the nearby Cathedral of the Assumption, and by a pretty, blonde girl from St. Louis, Mrs. Connie Fry, who came upstairs to help after watching the youth's terrifying antics from the street.

As they cajoled and pleaded, the dark-haired boy on the ledge went on acting just like the youth in Boston. At one point, the priest, who climbed to the roof, got close enough to him to hand him a rosary. But most of the time, the boy warned off his rescuers by crying, "I'll jump!" Staring down at the crowd, he said: "The people down there tell me to jump. The people up here tell me not to. What am I to do?" For two hours and 35 minutes, the nerve-racking struggle went on. But finally, after the priest and the policeman promised that he would not be jailed, the youth climbed slowly back down the ladder and slipped through the 10th-floor window.

Once safe inside, he admitted that he was a soldier absent without leave. His name, he said, was Louis Turini. Startled, authorities wired Camp Pickett, Va., learned that the Boston ledge-walker had sneaked out of a hospital ward there a month before. Still unbelieving, they got a photograph of the Boston Turini.® He was the same man.

### Fate & Uncle Horace

Back in the mid-'30s a husky, big-nosed, pale-eyed Virginian named Horace Gates Brown moved his wife and three sons to California. It was, as they often say in Hollywood, Fate. This was not im-

® The youth uses three names. He was christened Albert Santos. Due to a clerical error, he is enrolled in the Army as Albert Thomas. After both suicide threats, however, he gave the name Louis Turini.

mediately apparent, however, for, as they also often say in Hollywood, the mills of the gods grind slowly.

Brown worked as a movie stunt man. His wife died in an automobile accident. In 1940 he joined the California State Guard and, fatefully enough, was attached to a unit which had its headquarters at Marion Davies' children's clinic. But he married Baritone Lawrence Tibbett's ex-wife, Grace. He attended a maritime officers' school, went to sea, and ended up as a skipper of Navy tankers. During one of his long voyages, the ex-Mrs. Tibbett divorced him. On subsequent homecomings his slight acquaintanceship with Miss Davies finally blossomed into real friendship. She introduced him to her good friend, Mr. Hearst, and took to calling him Uncle Horace.

Uncle Horace was in Japan commanding a tanker when Mr. Hearst died. When he got back to Los Angeles in mid-September, he hurried to Marion's side and she asked him to move into her guest house. He did. Late one night last week, Uncle Horace and Marion decided to get married. They flew to Las Vegas, arriving at 3 in the morning, roused out a justice of the peace, and did so. At one point Marion, who knew the words, raved ahead of the justice and said, "Love, honor and obey . . ." Said the justice: "In Nevada you say cherish . . ." Marion agreed, being in Nevada and all.

Marion was wearing dark blue slacks, a white blouse and dark glasses. "I figured if I was going to marry a sailor I might as well dress like one," she explained. The newlyweds had a wedding breakfast of vodka, champagne, turkey sandwiches and other goodies, and got questioned and photographed by the press (see News in Pictures).

The happy couple got into a light plane and flew to Palm Springs. It was rough. Marion rested in a bungalow at the Racquet Club after the plane landed. Said Uncle Horace: "My little girl scuttled the bomb explosion. They [the photographers] were there for the bomb, but when they heard about her they said, 'The hell with the bomb!'" Of his earlier friendship with Marion, he said: "I never would have married Marion—then. I thought too much of the old man to have such thoughts."

That night people dropped in, drinks were passed, and a waiter brought a wedding cake. A noisy party grew. Marion did not feel well and went to bed early. But two days later, back in her own house in Beverly Hills, she said, reflectively: "It will be all right. W.R. liked him very much. Yes, it will be all right."

## ANIMALS

### Battle of the Species

Man has reaped many rewards from his dominance of the animal kingdom. But animals are not his loyal followers; and he is still only slightly ahead. Last week the battle of the species was waged from Maine to Alaska.

¶ In Mena, Ark., while the Campa Bros. circus trumpeted through its one-night stand, nine-year-old Maria Campa, granddaughter of one of the circus owners, was clawed and chewed to death by a young lion considered so tame he was tied to a stake outside his cage. Next day, as the Campa circus trundled along the rain-slicked road toward Mount Ida, two trucks overturned. Nine beasts scampered into Ouachita National Forest. A pursuing posse brought down one of two escaped leopards and recaptured a tame black bear and a rhesus monkey. The other leopard prowled all night before being tracked down by a small but heroic cur named Tony, whose owner, Roiston Fair, shot the leopard, but not before it had killed Tony. Still in the forest: a polar bear, a black bear, three monkeys.

¶ Massachusetts State House in Boston was haunted by a fox for a whole week. Night watchmen would spot him skimming along the corridors and noted he kept fat on State House mice and leftovers from legislators' luncheons. Finally the fox was cornered in a basement tunnel hideout, doped with chloroform-impregnated cheesecloth on a long pole and later released in rolling New England woodland.

¶ Susie, the 360-lb. giant panda which had been the idol of zoo-going New York moppets, died of causes unknown at the Bronx Zoo, Susie's home for ten of her eleven years, leaving only two of her species (at Chicago and St. Louis) in captivity. Susie will be hard to replace; giant pandas live in western Szechwan in Red China.

¶ Near Martin City, Mont., Hunter Baker Hagstad dropped two other hunters with a single rifle shot. One died; the other was badly wounded. Another Montanan, out

for elk, shot a white horse draped with a scarlet blanket and tied to a tree. Joseph A. Hoffman, 36, of Missoula, Mont., killed an elk, promptly keeled over, dead of a heart attack.

¶ In Philadelphia, an eight-point buck wandered out of Fairmount Park into a bakery's loading yard. When four men tried to lasso it, the buck headed for an eight-foot fence, cleared it on the third try. With 16 police cars in hot pursuit, it darted 15 blocks to the Erie Avenue station of the Broad Street subway and slid down the stairs. Patrolman Thomas Gleason stopped it with a revolver shot as it was heading toward a turnstile for a northbound train.

¶ South of Fairbanks, Alaska, a big bull moose chased from his harem of cow moose a smaller "student" bull moose, so called because he is expected to just stand around and watch. The student chose to fight. The two bulls locked antlers and were snared together for two weeks\* before being spied from the air by a patrol plane. Rescuers arrived as encircling wolves began to close in, found the big moose dead and freed the student, which pranced off to his hard-won cows, a graduate.

¶ When Roger Fossen and his wife moved 1,700 miles from Seattle to Morris, Minn. nine months ago, they had to leave their dog, Skippy, behind, giving him to a kindly neighbor boy. Last week a tattered, foot-sore and weary Skippy turned up in Morris, and took his accustomed place at the Fossen dinner table. Any doubt of Skippy's identity vanished when he passed up roast beef to gorge on lettuce and tomato salad with mayonnaise, long his favorite dish.

\* Estimated from the emaciation of the live moose and the condition of the snow on the battleground.



ARKANSAS: HUNTER FAIR & QUARRY  
In Boston, a fox was chloroformed.

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## NEWS IN PICTURES



**A-BOMB NO. 21**, dropped from B-29 over Frenchman's Flat, Nev., in first tactical test with troops, was watched by hand-picked audience of 5,000 G.I.s seven safe miles away.

Associated Press



**PRESIDENT & PRINCESS**: Royal dinner at Canadian Embassy gave Elizabeth, regal in



**HOME STRETCH**: Gaunt Frank Sinatra, finally divorced, flew East and scurried to Philadelphia for license to wed his longtime friend, sultry Ava Gardner.

Acme



**TRUCE-TALK BALLOON**, soaring over Panmunjom parley tent (lower left), warned U.N. fliers from



Associated Press  
brocade gown with diamond tiara and necklace, chance to play hostess to Harry Truman.



Keystone  
BIGGEST FLYING BOAT ever built in Britain, the 140-ton, ten-engined Princess, comparable to U.S.'s C124A, will carry 200 troops 3,500 miles non-stop at 380 m.p.h.



Acme  
neutral zone. Balloon sentinels were abandoned after one exploded during deflation and burned 13 men.



Associated Press  
JUST MARRIED: Marion Davies & Horace Brown (looking surprisingly like her late, great friend, William Randolph Hearst) winged off after wedding breakfast.

# WAR IN ASIA

## CEASE-FIRE

### Time Bomb

In the U.N. "peace camp" at Munsan last week, barefoot Korean carpenters began equipping the tents with board floors and walls, against the cold weather ahead.

Last July, when the truce talks got under way, the camp was pitched in an apple orchard which was off limits to U.N. correspondents. A U.S. briefing officer appeased their curiosity by showing them an apple from the orchard—the size of a walnut. There was an immediate spate of speculation on how big the apples would be when camp was broken, i.e., when the cease-fire was signed. Last week the apples were harvested by U.S. troops, packed in

parallel. The U.N. wanted to keep it out of Red hands because the town and the neighboring heights control the western approach to Seoul.

General Hodges and Admiral Burke, the U.N. subcommittees, made three efforts to break the Kaesong deadlock. First, they repeated a previous offer to evacuate U.N.-held islands north of the 38th; they pointed out that this, plus their already proffered withdrawals on the central and eastern fronts, should be adequate compensation for Kaesong. The Reds refused. Next, the U.N. negotiators offered to pass the buffer zone directly through Kaesong—in other words, to make it a neutral city held by neither side. Again, the Reds refused. Finally, in mild desperation, the U.N. sug-

gested such inspection proposals not only as attempts to put spies behind their iron curtains, but as efforts to blast destructive holes in their closed systems. Inspection was where atomic-energy control broke down (Russia stood on her "sovereignty"). Since 1946 the Reds have kept U.N. commissions out of North Korea, and for the last 16 months have even barred Swiss representatives of the Red Cross.

If the U.N. strategists, having got what they regard as a defensible cease-fire line, are willing to settle for token inspections—periodic visits at times and places specified by the Reds—they might, possibly, get an early truce. But if they seek ironclad, treachery-proof guarantees against future attacks in Korea—if they are determined to truss up the Reds like Gulliver in Lilliput—the truce talks are likely to drag on or break down.

It looked like another hard winter, and a fighting winter, for the Eighth Army. Last week frontline troops snuggled down in their winter gear against the season's first snowfall, one to four inches.

## THE ENEMY

### A Spy, They Said

Kim Won Kyu, 11, loved the candy which the strange Americans who had come to Korea always seemed to carry. With his father, mother and 19-year-old sister, Kim lived in a thatched mud hut at Chosan, a village two miles south of Panmunjom and only a few hundred yards from the road along which candy-laden U.N. convoys were traveling to the U.N.-Communist liaison point. It was very convenient.

One day last month Kim and an older playmate, not satisfied with their haul of goodies and hoping for more, followed an allied convoy across the Panmunjom bridge. When a Red guard hastened up, the playmate fled but Kim was collared. For 19 days nothing was seen of him. His father informed U.N. officers that the boy had been abducted. The U.N. made representations to the Reds.

Last week three North Koreans brought Kim back to Panmunjom in a jeep and handed him over—although, they said, the eleven-year-old boy was a spy. Except for a runny nose, he was evidently none the worse for his experience. Under the watchful eyes of the North Korean soldiers, Kim recited a little speech, saying that South Koreans had paid him 2,000 won (about 33¢) to cross the bridge and spy on Communist troop movements. Later, over a snack of hamburger and cookies, he confirmed what U.N. officers had already guessed—that the Reds had told him what to say and had coached him carefully.

Kim had been terrified by his jeep ride and refused flatly to get into another one. So a U.N. party marched him back to the family hut on foot, a half-hour trek along paddy dikes. Cried the overjoyed father: "Thank you a million times!"



KIM WON KYU & FRIENDS\*  
Across the bridge for more candy.

25-lb. sugar sacks and handed out to Munsan villagers. And no cease-fire was in sight.

**Kaesong Deadlock.** At the conference table in the big tent at Panmunjom, there was rapid progress last week on item 2 on the agenda—the cease-fire line—which gave rise to some premature optimism. The Reds suddenly proposed a line which almost coincided with the U.N. proposal along most of the front. The Red concession meant that the allies could keep their hard-won mountain terrain (including Heartbreak Ridge) in the center and east. The Communists also agreed to the 2½-mile buffer zone along the line suggested by the U.N.

It was in the west that trouble lingered. Both the U.N. and the Reds proposed to hold Kaesong, the ancient, ruined town where the truce talks started. Apparently, the Reds wanted to keep Kaesong for face-saving reasons: it was the only sizable town they still held south of the 38th

gested that the line be left to drift with the battlefield and be adjusted as the last piece of business before signing the armistice. "Unfair," the Reds cried. A few days earlier, Matt Ridgway had told visiting diplomats that he was "never more confident of an early settlement."

**Red Gulliver?** Despite all this jockeying for position, it seemed likely that the Kaesong deadlock would yield to some sort of compromise and that the cease-fire line would be settled at last. But that would not, by any means, signal the end of the war. During all the fuss & fury over the cease-fire line, a time bomb in the agenda had been quietly ticking away: item 3, which concerns supervision of the troop arrangements, and which the U.N. believes must involve inspection by each side behind the opposing lines.

Judging by the record, Communists re-

\* Air Force Colonel Andrew Kinney and Naval Lieut. Horace Underwood, interpreter.

# FOREIGN NEWS

## THE NATIONS

### The Grey Zone

The shape of SHAPE needed changing. That was what Dwight Eisenhower was brought back to discuss (see NATIONAL AFFAIRS). A drastic scaling down of the West's ambitious North Atlantic defense program was in the making.

As originally conceived, NATO was to grow by 1954 into an international army of 60 up-to-date divisions and necessary air units. The U.S. was to provide most of the money and tools and some of the men; the Western Europeans were to provide most of the men, some of the arms, all of the bases. The planned result: a North Atlantic air-land-naval force capable of standing off an initial Russian invasion until help arrived.

**New Problem, Old Rifles.** This program had proved too ambitious. Engulfed by the needs of the Korean war, the U.S. had fallen 80% behind in its promised deliveries of heavy arms to Europe. Britain and the West Europeans did at least as badly in making good their promises; their economies were groaning under the load, and their politicians were making capital out of the strain.

By last September, when they assembled at Ottawa, delegates of the twelve NATO nations had shed some illusions and prepared to scuttle some plans. Where they had expected to have 30 divisions in fairly good shape, they had the skeletons of only a dozen, perhaps 15. Of these, only the six divisions sent over by the U.S. stood anywhere near fighting trim. Most of the other divisions in NATO's army had only one battalion of artillery apiece where six apiece were planned. There should have been 2,500 U.S. tanks on hand, but there were only 500. So busy were SHAPE's planners at the complicated task of meshing distant needs in materials, factory construction, production and manpower that too little was being done to equip what forces were now on hand.

**Must Do to Make Do.** At Ottawa, the contraction began. Under W. Averell Harriman, an Anglo-American-French committee nicknamed "The Three Wise Men" was formed, and a committee of the twelve NATO countries ("The Twelve Apostles") was set up to assist them. The Wise Men and the Apostles went to work to determine what kind of NATO force could be made out of what the NATO countries could actually contribute. With that, the byword of NATO and SHAPE changed from "must do" to "make do."

That the situation was disappointing, Eisenhower was prompt to admit. "There is always," he explained, "the grey zone of human affairs." The picture was not all grey. In Eisenhower's judgment—and in the initial calculations of the Three Wise Men—there was enough on hand or within reach to put together a NATO army of 70 fully equipped divisions by next year. Washington convinced itself that such an

army in being by 1952 was preferable to 60 on paper now, and half ready by 1954. Besides, the development of tactical atomic weapons might make a 20-division army more formidable than was believed when NATO was blueprinted a year ago.

That, of course, did not minimize the unpleasant fact that the West is finding it necessary to take a big tuck in democracy's suit of armor.

### Diplomats Assembled

Three planes from Moscow landed at Orly field and disgorged 87 Russians, led by moon-faced Jacob Malik. Foreign Minister Andrei Vishinsky was due next day. From the U.S. came Secretary of State Dean Acheson and an entourage of 93,

600 temporary new U.N. building, facing the Eiffel Tower across the Seine, the buzz of diplomacy began. The Egyptians wooed their fellow Arabs; the Russians tended their doves secretly, but undoubtedly had some new mutation of peace dove to exhibit. Acheson and Eden ate dinner together, and had private talks with France's Robert Schuman. Schuman thereupon announced that the West had prepared a U.N. peace program that would be "a world sensation."

**New Plans.** Acheson had come to Paris with a far-reaching proposition to lay before the U.N.—stressing, as Russian proposals usually do, a willingness to talk peace. Some of its essentials: swift completion of a truce in Korea; a fresh call



George Stoddard—Life

ROBERT SCHUMAN & DEAN ACHESON  
Five partnerships into one.

including Warren Austin and Eleanor Roosevelt. From London came Anthony Eden with his Homburg and a briefcase filled with problems.

From all over the world the diplomatic set descended on Paris this week for the sixth annual meeting of the General Assembly, the 60-nation parliament of the United Nations. There were at least 5,500 in all—diplomats and politicians, economists, admirals and generals, atomic experts, mimeograph operators, translators, 1,000 newsmen, international lobbyists, obscure civil servants.

**Old Quarrels.** There were nearly 70 problems on the Assembly agenda, most of them wearing familiar place names (Morocco, Israel, Kashmir, Korea), or reminiscent of old quarrels (the Communist effort to capture China's U.N. seat; the prospects of international atomic control and disarmament). Was there anything else that mattered?

Before the paint was dry on the \$3,000-

for world disarmament and simultaneous control of atomic energy, based on full inspection; Western agreement to four-power negotiations with Russia any time Russia had something genuine to offer.

But it was prepared to go further. Last year, Acheson's "Uniting for Peace" resolution transformed the lowly Assembly from a debating society into an agency that might take over actual peace enforcement from the veto-choked Security Council. This year, Acheson wanted the Assembly to take on even more power by tying together, under its auspices, the regional security organizations which the West has been building. There are now five, involving 38 nations, and the U.S. is the only nation belonging to all: NATO, with twelve partners already and Greece and Turkey soon to join; the 21 countries in the Organization of American States; the Pacific security pact between the U.S., Australia and New Zealand; separate U.S. security arrangements with Japan, and

with the Philippines. Each is designed to counter aggression in its region. Under Acheson's new plan, the U.N. General Assembly would appoint these security organizations as its agents in various parts of the world, and assume for itself the power to order them into action, under the U.N. flag, if trouble comes.

## Big Little Job

Debates and deadlocks make most of the U.N. headlines. But not all of U.N.'s activities are so spectacularly futile. Last week the U.N.'s International Children's Emergency Fund reported on what it is doing on a \$12 million budget.

It has brought food, medical aid, or both, to at least 6,500,000—and probably many more—children in India, Pakistan, Indonesia, the Philippines and other Asian lands. More than 6,000,000 children have been examined for T.B. and nearly 2,500,000 vaccinated against it. U.N. DDT teams have protected another 1,000,000 against malaria. U.N. food centers hand out free milk and extra food to nearly 1,000,000 children every day.

## GREAT BRITAIN

### Bowler Hats in the Saddle

In his bed, surrounded by mountains of papers and scurrying, harried aides, 76-year-old Winston Churchill buckled down to work. He wasn't ill; he just likes to operate as much as possible from bed. After his first cabinet meeting, Churchill bluntly announced that senior ministers' salaries would be slashed 20% and that

his own pay would be cut from \$28,000 to \$19,600. In addition, said Churchill, there would be "large reductions in the use of ministerial motorcars." The cuts will be effective "during the period of rearmament, or for three years, whichever ends first."

It was a gesture in the grand Churchillian manner. In itself, it would save little (about \$80,000 to date), and the well-heeled Tory ministers could easily afford it. But psychologically, it put the Tories in a better position to trim national expenditures, and its subtle implication was that within three years the Tories would have Britain shipshape again.

By midweek, Churchill had completed his cabinet. Most of the plums went to old friends and to trusted wartime lieutenants:

¶ Lord Leathers, 67, Minister of War Transport in World War II, got the job of running the nationalized industries (coal, gas, electricity, railroads, civil aviation and road transport).

¶ Oxford Philosopher-Physicist Lord Cherwell (rhymes with "Ah well"), a 65-year-old teetotaler and vegetarian who, as Professor Lindemann, was Churchill's wartime scientific adviser, moved into No. 11 Downing Street, next door to Churchill, as Paymaster-General. His real assignment: to speed up Britain's lagging atomic energy program, and get a British-produced bomb ready for testing within six months.

¶ Stiff, formal Captain Harry Crookshank, 58, a Tory whose shiny top hat, worn in the House of Commons, enrages Labor backbenchers, became Leader of the House. Anthony Eden had originally got the job, but decided that he couldn't do right by it and be Foreign Secretary too. Crookshank, as Minister of Health, will also run the socialized health service.

For the Tory Party's "Young Turks," Churchill had a handful of lesser, though worthy, plums. The best: John Selwyn Lloyd, 47, a World War II brigadier who won the U.S. Legion of Merit, was made right bower to Anthony Eden with the title "Minister of State, Foreign Office." The most talked about young Tory, gentleman-farmer David Eccles, 47, after waiting nervously for a week while 32 other jobs were filled, was made Minister of Works.

On the whole, Churchill's cabinet looked pretty good to almost everybody. The *Tailor & Cutter*, London's august arbiter of men's fashions, captivated by the Churchill ministry's "recognition of the Edwardian look" and "its disciplined adoption of the formal white stiff collar and town-wear bowler hat," said that the new cabinet is "the best dressed we have had for a number of years."

Yet, oddly enough, there was gloom in Torydom's own stronghold, the "City" (London's financial district). Perhaps it was disappointment at the narrowness of Churchill's victory, or fear that an excess profits tax would be imposed. Whatever the reason, government securities tumbled downhill; at week's end, gilt-edge stocks had plummeted to a postwar low. With an adverse trade balance of \$336 million in

the month of September, Britain faced foul economic weather. The City—and the rest of the nation—waited anxiously for the King's Speech (drafted by Churchill, approved by the cabinet) to see what the man at the helm proposed to do about it.

## Mr. Speaker Protests

In a crowded and solemn House of Commons, the black-gowned Clerk of the House rose to his feet and pointed wordlessly at Tory Backbencher Sir Hugh O'Neill, 68, Father of the House. It was the signal to nominate a Speaker for the new House of Commons, and Sir Hugh promptly rose to speak. His nominee: tall, white-thatched Tory William Shepherd Morrison, 58, a lean and likable Scots lawyer, known to M.P.s as "Shakes" because his first two initials are the same as Shakespeare's. Shakes has been M.P. for the constituency of Cirencester and Tewkesbury for 22 years.

The House of Commons traditionally elects its Speaker unanimously, so as to emphasize the non-partisan dignity of his office. But last week, smarting from their party's defeat at the polls, Labor backbenchers put up a rival candidate and forced a party vote. The result was the first Tory victory in the new Parliament: Shakes was elected Speaker, 318 to 251.

King's Men. Making a show of resistance, Shakes then allowed himself to be dragged by his sponsors toward the Speaker's chair. That was all part of the act. The mock reluctance dates from the days when the Speaker, as mouthpiece of the House, had to bear unpleasant tidings to



FOREIGN SECRETARY EDEN  
A white stiff collar . . .

Keystone



SPEAKER MORRISON  
. . . and a full-bottomed wig.

Associated Press

the King (between 1399 and 1535, seven Speakers were beheaded).<sup>8</sup>

Next day, in full-bottomed wig, black breeches, silver-buttoned jacket, black silk hose and silver-buckled slippers, Shakes took his place in the high-backed, canopied Speaker's chair. He was a Tory no longer (and the precarious Tory majority was reduced by one, to 26), for Mr. Speaker must stay studiously aloof from voting and debates alike. His power is immense. He presides over debates but does not take part in them, wielding procedural authority which garrulous U.S. legislators might consider tyrannical. He can silence members guilty of "irrelevance or tedious repetition," thus preventing filibusters. He can apply the "kangaroo," a device which allows the Speaker to bring a bill to a quick vote by "hopping over" any amendments he considers obstructive. He can use the "guillotine" to shut off debate on a bill in the committee stages.

Most important of all, he has immense discretion "in deciding which aspiring speaker to recognize." The general practice in debate is to hear first from the government's front bench, then from a member on the opposition side, after which Mr. Speaker generally recognizes only those of all factions who he thinks will illumine the debate. This is usually done with scrupulous impartiality, but younger members are more often seen than heard, and desperately pen notes to Mr. Speaker begging to be recognized. A dexterous Speaker so arranges it that older bores catch his eye only late at night, or at dinner time, when the Chamber is almost empty.

**Brewer's Horses.** For his services, Mr. Speaker Morrison will get a salary of £5,000 (\$14,000) a year and, on retirement, a peerage. A keen fiddler and a braw man with the pipes, Shakes will have ample room to practice in the oak-paneled rooms of the Speaker's House in the Palace of Westminster, overlooking the Thames. Alone among British subjects, the Speaker holds levées at which court dress (breeches and orders for men, formal gowns for women) is worn. M.P.s must bow to him when entering and leaving the House. It is only when Mr. Speaker takes a ceremonial drive in his four-wheeled, 250-year-old gilt coach that his dignity is tried a little. Shakes will get an escort of but one Life Guardsman (the King's escort includes Life Guards and Horse Guards), and his coach, drawn by two day horses provided by a firm of London brewers, has no brakes.

<sup>8</sup> To this day, the King is not allowed to set foot in the House of Commons, though the place officially belongs to him. Whenever the King's Messenger arrives at the House, frockcoated and galtered, to deliver some official piece of news, the oak door is slammed in his face, and the cry "Black Rod! Black Rod!" goes bawling down the lobbies. The Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod thereupon knocks thrice upon the door with his wand of office, and is then admitted, bowing to the Speaker and members on both sides as he approaches the Bar. M.P.s dearly love to show the worn spots on the door where Black Rod has rapped, as proof of Parliament's treasured independence from the Crown.

## Emily-Colored

"Bronze by gold heard the hoofirons steelyringing impertinthe thnthnth," wrote James Joyce in *Ulysses*. What he meant was that two barmaids, a redhead and a blonde, were listening to the clatter of dray horses in a Dublin street. Why, then, didn't he say so?

For some weeks a kindred argument has been raging in the pages of Britain's Lon-



Lisa Larsen-Life  
POETESS SITWELL  
Impertinthe thnthnth.

don *Observer*. "Great men," wrote Critic Ivor Brown, firing a blanket salvo at all Joycean obscurantists, "are not so silly as to make a practice of wasting their words." Philip Toynbee, the historian's son, rushed to the defense of obscurantism with some obscuration of his own. "To ask why James Joyce didn't write *Ulysses* less obscurely is a non-question," he declaimed. "It is equivalent to asking why a tree isn't a rock or why a motorcar isn't a horse." Toynbee did admit that some literary motorcars should try to be more like horses. "When Auden writes, 'Gabriel—I didn't mean to let that name out,' or when Miss Sitwell writes of 'Emily-colored hands,' they are clearly cheating," he said.

This, of course, brought Miss Edith Sitwell herself roaring on to the battlefield. "I did not write 'Emily-colored hands,' a hideous phrase," she informed the *Observer*, "I wrote Emily-colored *primulas*, which to anyone who has progressed in poetry-reading beyond the *White Cliffs of Dover* calls to mind the pink cheeks of young country girls."

Unfortunately for the sake of argumentative clarity, Miss Sitwell's denial was published alongside a passionate defense of her phrase by a susceptible reader who roundly denounced Toynbee. "I know quite well what [Emily-colored hands] are like," she wrote, "thin, pale, yellowish and faintly freckled."

Toynbee apologized to Poetess Sitwell: "We are involved in a most complicated failure of communication." But the *Observer's* next issue quoted a third reader who distinctly remembered "a poem by Miss Sitwell which includes an allusion to 'Emily-colored hands' raising the blinds in a children's bedroom."

"I did not write any poem referring to Emily-colored hands," hissed Miss Sitwell by post the following week. Other contributors meanwhile speculated on Emily as a color. "Mauve," said one. "Yellow," said another. "The only Emily I ever met was an enormous black Madrassi ayah," wrote a Mr. McIntyre. "I regret his limited social opportunities," answered Miss Sitwell, "but I cannot be held responsible for them." One phase of the argument was at last tied down when a schoolmistress named Josephine Malone reported a mistake in a sixth-form handbook of poetry, in which the editor had fastened Emily-colored hands on to Poetess Sitwell. Last week the battle died with the publication of this conclusive letter:

"May I take this opportunity of assuring you that my hands are not and never will be . . . anything but flesh-colored; nor are my primulas blue-veined or freckled.

Yours faithfully,  
Emily."

## SWEDEN

Judas, j.g.

"I did what I did, not for gain but to save humanity from the horrors of another war," a tall, pale Swedish petty officer calmly told a Stockholm court last week. What Flag Engineer Ernest Hilding Andersson had done—this navy man of more than 20 years' standing—was to sell a sheaf of Sweden's closest military secrets to the Russians for 4,530 kronor (about \$900) expense money.

The 42-year-old spy had been one of eight children, whose invalid father had to scrape along on a pension of \$10 a month. He had quit school at eleven and gone to work on a farm. At 18, he joined the navy. A year later, just as openly, he joined Stockholm's Communist Youth Movement. Neither Ernest nor official Sweden apparently saw anything contradictory in the two affiliations. But Ernest Andersson was too good an opportunity to be missed for long by the Russians.

**Salmon & Secrets.** In 1946 a Communist friend turned him over to a Tass correspondent named Anisimov, who plied him with champagne at his home, treated him to cozy tête-à-tête dinners of jellied herring, Siberian smoked salmon, Volga fish, potent Swedish export beer, choice vodka, potent Swedish export beer and voluble persuasion. After three years of this, Ernest was considered ready for espionage.

His first job entailed a full report on the Stockholm navy yard. He fluffed it, forgetting to mention some minesweepers that were being built. Russian masters administered a gentle rebuke, and Andersson promised to do better next time. He passed

secret after secret in prearranged code to Anisimov. Sometimes he would cycle about in civilian clothes pretending to pick berries, but really sketching details of coastal fortifications. Later he would write a report in invisible ink, put it in the toolbox of his bike and leave it parked by a prearranged lampost. Presently he would return and find another bike in its place. His reward, a bundle of money tied up in ribbons of Sweden's national blue and gold, would be lying in the second bike's toolbox.

**Two Questions.** In time Ernest was given a new contact: Nikolai Orlov, assistant naval attaché at the Soviet embassy. Last summer, Stockholm's police got a tip to look into the frequent meetings between the two naval officers, Swedish and Russian. The police shadowed Andersson, observed his note-taking and followed his exchange of bicycles. In the toolbox of Orlov's bike, they found all the evidence they needed.

Orlov was ordered out of the country. At week's end, the Stockholm court had not yet decided what to do about Andersson. But the "most serious case of espionage ever uncovered in Sweden" had spurred others to activity, in the only large nation in Europe which officially refuses to choose between East & West. Sweden's legislators were hastily shoving through a new law to make wire tapping easier. "The only thing that puzzles me," said a Stockholm cab driver, "is how could a simple navy N.C.O. get access to so many top secrets. Also, why were his Red sympathies ignored for 24 years?"

They were both good questions.

## ITALY

### Fixed Idea

Guido Corini had less reason than most to be happy about World War II and its aftermath. An Allied bullet left his spine permanently and painfully deformed. An air raid killed his wife and only child. The best peacetime job he could find at 42 was that of broom-wielder and errand boy in a Milanese gas appliance factory. Guido's fellow workers left him strictly alone after finding that their most innocent remarks evoked a tirade of resentful acrimony. His bosses found him sullen. They would have fired Guido long ago had not Plant Director Luigi Daniele insisted on giving him chance after chance.

Last month even kindly Director Daniele agreed to fire Guido. Guido left quietly enough, but last week he went back to see Daniele again.

"I'm sorry," the boss told Guido, "I have thought about it so many times, and have even discussed it with my family, but at the moment I can do nothing. I promise that if something comes up, I will keep you in mind." Guido said nothing.

A few minutes later, Daniele's secretary noticed that he was still standing moodily in the outer office. Daniele came out. "Look," he said, "I have spoken to you without ill-feeling. I have also made you a promise. Now, it's better that you go."

Guido's reply: "My decision is made." With a wild cry, Guido then flung open his trench coat, whipped out a home-made bomb and slammed it against the wall. There was a blinding flash. Daniele fell dead. The secretary's head was blown off. Three employees sitting in the waiting room were injured. On Guido Corini's own crushed body, the police found a note written just before he left home. "It is four o'clock," it said. "I leave with the fixed idea of revenge."

## MOROCCO

### Advice to the U.S.

The French colonialists last week gave a classic example of too little & too late. They held elections for the Consultative Chambers of Commerce and Agriculture—French Morocco's powerless, pale imitation of a parliament—and generously



© Belin-Rapho-Guilloumette  
GENERAL AUGUSTIN GUILLAUME  
"You must support me."

broadened the electorate 15 times (to 150,000). A decade ago, the nationalists would have cheered such a concession. Last week, the nationalist Istiqlal party warned all Moroccans to boycott the election: it wanted nothing less than complete independence.

In Casablanca, mobs rushed the polling places, and heaved paving blocks. Before election day was over, six Moroccans were dead from police bullets, the polling places were deserted, the election was a flop, and the French moved in Senegalese troops to seal off the native quarter.

**No Hiding.** France, like Britain in Iran, had made a serious mistake in not yielding to the nationalists at a time when moderate concessions might have been acceptable. Now, what could France and the West do? Last week, from France's Resident General in Morocco, General Augustin Guillaume, came strong advice: "I ask all free countries to support our policy in

Morocco, and not hide behind a cautious neutrality, nor to have contacts with our worst enemies—who are not mere nationalists, but wild religious fanatics . . . I would like to see Washington give its diplomatic and consular representatives in Morocco instructions that would result in the same close cooperation we have in Germany. And I ask for these instructions now . . . You must support me in North Africa."

This was the strongest straight talk in years, publicly addressed by an ally to Washington. It came from a man who commands respect in France, and deserves it elsewhere. Guillaume (rhymes with he) is a French hero of two world wars, who has served in Morocco since 1919. During Vichy days he secretly trained a corps of 10,000 Berber tribesmen, and later led them through Italy, France and Germany. After the war, Guillaume, as military attaché in Moscow, took a close look at Russian might, then became French commander in Germany. He has the dash that the French like in their generals: fellow officers remember him, wrapped in his Moroccan *djellaba*, reciting Dante in Rome, singing a song of Schubert's as he crossed the Rhine.

**Just a Dream.** By week's end, Guillaume's outburst seemed to have cleared the air a bit. Paris got word from its Washington Embassy that if the Arabs put Moroccan independence on the U.N. agenda this week, France could count on U.S. support. The U.S., with a network of air bases in Morocco, has a big stake there. A Quai d'Orsay spokesman who had been muttering that the U.S. courts allies in Europe but disowns them in Africa, announced that the misunderstanding was now resolved. Guillaume smiled and said "It was all just a bad dream."

## YUGOSLAVIA

### Don't Ask

In Belgrade's White Palace, Communist Tito, resident in a scarlet & gold-braided marshal's uniform of grey gabardine, talked for nearly four hours to 125 correspondents. Gist of his remarks:

**U.S. Aid to Tito**—"There can be no question of a mutual aid agreement, but only of an agreement in which the U.S. will give arms to Yugoslavia."

**U.S. Aid from Tito**—"If aggression should break out [the U.S. will have] a friendly country on her side . . . The U.S. has been getting something for several years—Yugoslav resistance to the Soviet bloc. Therefore the question, 'What will the U.S. get?' should not be asked."

## MIDDLE EAST

### Down Goes a Friend

One of the few Middle East statesmen willing and unafraid to speak his piece in favor of an alliance with the West is Syria's Premier, husky, honest, 65-year-old Hasan Hakim. Last week he gave a newspaper interview urging Arab states to accept the West's offer of a Mid-East



You loaf or play  
in sunshine



You enjoy famous  
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command. Aware that fanatics were urging just the opposite, Hakim added that he would make no compromises "with the street to gain cheap popularity," and would not decide his country's future on the basis of "sentimental outbursts."

After two days of uncompromising demonstrations caused by his remarks, and without support even from his own cabinet, Hakim wasn't due to last long.

## Something's Got to Happen

Richard Casey, Australia's handsome Minister for External Affairs and an old Egypt hand, stopped off at Cairo last week, en route to the Paris U.N. meeting. After talking with Egyptian friends, Casey sat down with a scotch & soda and told newsmen: "This situation of tension can't go on indefinitely. Something's got to happen." Did Casey see a way out? A newsmen asked. "No," said the diplomat, "I don't."

Nobody else seemed to, either. Having said that the British were through in the Suez Canal Zone, Nahas Pasha's government was both too weak to force them out and too scared of its own aroused people to talk sensible compromise.

The British lion, which had seemed mangy and moth-eaten in Iran, put on a show of bared fangs that stunned the Egyptians. British Tommies, not overly tender with their bayonets, picked up Egyptian officials who were making trouble and booted them out of the zone. As the 40,000 Egyptian laborers who served the zone installations faded away, British tanks rumbled into neighboring villages and herded laborers into British-run camps. Said the British: they were not running press gangs, merely giving "safe conduct" to the workers.

The Egyptians felt back on hot words and glorious tales. One Cairo paper issued an extra with a story, completely fabricated, of how a cucumber-laden truck, confiscated by the British, blew up when the hungry Tommies started to unload it, killing 250 men. Handbills crying "an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth" appeared in British camps. Irregular units, fired with bloodthirsty language, popped out all over the delta.

The British plan (if it could be called a plan) was to let Nahas Pasha's incompetent government discredit itself completely, whereupon the King, who dislikes Nahas, would fire him. Moderates would come to power and make a deal with the British. It didn't work out that way in Iran.

## Worse than Mossadegh

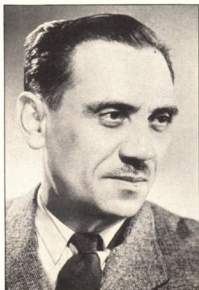
In Washington, Iran's Premier Mossadegh waited for somebody—the U.S. or Britain—to take him up on his own terms. So far as anyone could tell, Britain still hoped that the longer the waiting went on, and Mossadegh's troubles at home multiplied, the sooner would Mossadegh seek a way to get oil flowing to the West and money flowing into Iran's treasury. Iranian oil was trickling, but not to the West. Tehran announced that "with God's help," and no foreign engineers, it had

started operating part of the Abadan refinery.

Britain's new Foreign Secretary, Anthony Eden, seemed more confident than Labor had been that something could be worked out. At least there was now a moratorium on nasty British cracks, like Laborite Richard Stokes's recent remark that Mossadegh "wouldn't know how to manage a sweet shop."

But there was no moratorium on unrest in Teheran.

The Communist Tudeh (masses) Party was busy. In recent months, droves of Russian agents have been sneaking across Iran's all but unguarded northeastern border. Their mission: to stir up riots and mastermind the revolution when Iran is judged ripe to be taken over. Of the same stock and tongue as northern Iranians, the agents from Russian Turkistan are well-trained and well-heeled. The agents steer



COMMISSIONER DE RAYMOND  
Death in an air-conditioned bedroom.

clear of the big Russian embassy on Churchill Avenue, and get their orders from the Rumanian legation.

The Tudeh Party was outlawed in 1949, but is actually stronger than ever, working through such thinly disguised aliases as "The Society to Fight Imperialistic Oil Companies in Iran," and "The Society for Freedom of Iran."

Last week, torn by Red agitation, Teheran University shut down indefinitely, and police barred the doors. In another part of the city, 500 anti-Communist students from Alborz (formerly American) College marched on the headquarters of the Communist Partisans of Peace, along the way clashed violently with 500 pro-Communists. Ten people were injured.

Unpredictable, fanatic Premier Mossadegh might not win any popularity polls in the West as the man diplomats most liked to dicker with, but the growing alternative looked worse.

## Little Tho

"Cambodians are gentle people," Jean de Raymond liked to say. His job as French Commissioner was to bring the picturesque kingdom\* of elephants, sapphires, Siamese dancers and golden temple spires into closer friendship with its old master, France. A pleasant, warm, courageous man with a tiny grey mustache, he had spent 22 of his 44 years in Indo-China.

Into this drowsy, gentle kingdom came the Communists. They smuggled arms from Siam across Cambodia to Viet Minh soldiers in Tonkin. Commissioner de Raymond complained to Cambodia's plump, 29-year-old King Norodom Sihanouk, who sits more easily on a horse than on a throne. The Cambodians answered with a couple of questions: If things are so bad, why doesn't the Commissioner himself take more precautions, especially since the assassination of South Viet Nam Commissioner Chanson (TIME, Aug. 13)? And why did the Commissioner keep a house full of Vietnamese servants? Said De Raymond: "I am so good to my servants that they cannot betray me." He refused guards.

**Trusted Servant.** Among the servants in the palace was a dark, hollow-cheeked 18-year-old, Pham Ngoc Lan, whom Commissioner de Raymond affectionately nicknamed *le petit Tho* (Little Tho). He had come into the Commissioner's service last August. Unaccountably, he had not been given the usual security check, but his shy manner and rare smile had won the confidence of the household. He was even allowed to tidy up the fussy Commissioner's air-conditioned bedroom. Last month *le petit Tho* took a day off, rode a bus 36 miles to Banam, where he had a secret session with an organization called the Viet Minh Assassination Committee.

One day last week, after Commissioner de Raymond had eaten a heavy lunch and was enjoying his usual siesta, *le petit Tho*, armed with a sledge hammer and a Boy Scout knife, slipped into the air-conditioned bedroom. With one blow of the sledge hammer he smashed the Commissioner's skull. He plunged the knife several times into his chest and spleen, finally cut the Commissioner's throat, leaving the knife embedded in the wound. *Le petit Tho* then carefully rifled the Commissioner's effects, taking his watch, ring and pistol. He left the room, locking the door behind him. Downstairs he washed his shirt, took a shower, dressed and bicycled away.

**Call It Patriotism.** The alarm, sounded a few minutes later, set off the biggest manhunt in Cambodian history, but failed to catch up with *le petit Tho*. Said General de Latre de Tassigny: "Never before has terrorism revealed itself with more cruelty, cowardice or dishonor." At week's end the Viet Minh radio announced that "the patriot who liquidated Commissioner de Raymond is now safe."

\* Indo-China, like all Gaul, is divided into three parts: Viet Nam, Cambodia and Laos. Cambodia, the smallest, is about the size of Oklahoma.

# THE HEMISPHERE

## ARGENTINA

### Beside Campaign

Just twelve days before next week's elections, Juan Perón finally started his leave of absence, ostensibly to be free to campaign for re-election. Because Vice President Hortensio Quijano is ailing, the President handed over his powers to Admiral Alberto Teisaire, 60, president of the Senate, who also happens to be head of the *Peronista* Party.

At week's end, Perón got around to making his first campaign speech. It was a twelve-minute radio talk, apparently



ACTING PRESIDENT TEISAIRE  
The boss was weary.

broadcast from a recording. Hurriedly listing the benefits of his rule, Perón sounded weary, and without his usual fire and bombast. He said that he would make three more talks before election day.

No sooner had the speech been broadcast than plans were changed again. Evita Perón, reportedly suffering from leukemia, was taken to the hospital for treatment and possibly to undergo surgery for a condition variously rumored in Buenos Aires to be an ulceration or a tumor. Perón announced that he would cancel all public appearances to be at his wife's bedside. *Peronista* Party branches in the capital also suspended public meetings.

## GUATEMALA

### Unifruit Under Fire

The United Fruit Co. is a \$500 million enterprise. Its annual net earnings are greater than the national budget of any of the Central American countries in which it grows its big, sweet Gros Michel bananas for the U.S. and Europe. Years ago, the company used to operate in Guatemala and

elsewhere with all the free-wheeling methods that characterized the era of "dollar diplomacy." Since then, however, Unifruit has changed with the times, becoming a model big employer in the Caribbean. Paradoxically, Unifruit's reforms have only brought it under heavier attack by government and labor in Guatemala, especially since the leftist revolution of 1944.

Nevertheless, the fruit company's Guatemala operation went along profitably until last August. Then Unifruit suffered three body blows:

¶ Communist-led banana-worker unions demanded that United Fruit, already paying minimum wages three times greater than top wages on Guatemalan-owned farms, jack up wage floors from \$1.36 daily to \$2.50.

¶ A month later a hurricane—one of the worst natural disasters in United Fruit's history—blew down 95% of the banana trees at Tiquisate on the Pacific coast.

¶ Last fortnight, the government unofficially disclosed its determination to cancel and re-negotiate the company-government contracts under which Unifruit operates.

In new contracts, Guatemala will insist that the company: 1) pay income taxes equal to those paid by corporations (up to 43%); 2) turn over to the government the country's major ports, which Unifruit built and operates; 3) cut freight rates on the rail network it controls and on the ships of the "Great White Fleet"; and 4) pay higher prices for bananas it buys from independent Guatemalan producers.

Instead of talking about new taxes, Unifruit felt that it needed assurance against extra tax burdens now, and an end to Moscow-wired union squabbles, before it could safely invest the millions necessary to rebuild wrecked Tiquisate. Last week company officials, received by Guatemala's young President Jacobo Arbenz, tried to get such assurance. They did not. Arbenz bounced the issue down to the "ministerial level," where it remained deadlocked.

If United Fruit has to quit in Guatemala, that will liquidate an investment of some \$30 million for the parent company in Boston. But for Guatemala's 13,000 best-paid agricultural workers, and for 6,000 best-paid railroad workers, it will be an even greater disaster.

## CANADA

### Case of the Smuggling M.P.

A Liberal Member of Parliament from New Brunswick confessed to his fellow Canadian legislators last week that he had been a smuggler all his life—and intended to keep on being one. Said A. Wesley Stuart, a lean, little-known back-bencher for six years: "There is a very unfair difference between the prices paid in the U.S. and . . . in Canada . . . I live on the bank of the St. Croix River and you can throw a stone across to the other side. On [the U.S.] side an electric refrigerator sells for \$225. If you walk across the little

bridge to the other side, it sells for \$460 . . . I never came through [the border] in my lifetime that I did not smuggle something . . . I feel it is a right."

Spectators and M.P.s alike perked up their ears as Stuart went on to charge that monopolies are rampant in Canada. He called on the government to knock down tariff walls and let competitive, low-priced U.S. goods move into the Canadian market.

During a recent U.S. trip (on which he naturally did "a little smuggling"), Stuart made a study of "unjustifiable" Canadian price spreads which ran as high as



NEW BRUNSWICK'S STUART  
The border is handy.

50% on many household items (e.g., toothpaste: 95¢ v. 60¢). Said Stuart: "Take ladies' lingerie. I have known many a woman to go across the border, put on three or four pairs of step-ins and walk back across the bridge. They save several dollars." Many Canadian manufacturers, he claimed, just take the U.S. retail price, add Canada's duty, sales and defense taxes, then trim the resulting price 2%, "just enough to make sure that people will not . . . buy in the United States."

Back in his home town of St. Andrews (22 miles from Calais, Me.), Stuart's candid comments got a laugh from many townspeople. It was not quite so amusing to local customs men and Mounties, currently engaged in trying to stop the growing traffic in cigarettes (23¢ a pack in Maine; 46¢ in N.B.). There was no chance that the government would act on Stuart's tariff-topping recommendations. But in a week when the cost-of-living index passed 100 for the first time in Canadian history, he had dramatized the soaring prices of consumer goods as no other M.P. has yet managed to do.

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*Photos courtesy Thompson Products Co., Cleveland, Ohio*

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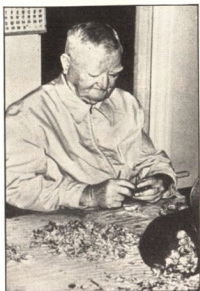
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## Sideline Skills

The London nightclub set headed for the Café de Paris and a rare evening: Playwright **Noel Coward** was making his debut as a cabaret entertainer. Among those present: **Princess Margaret**, with a party including **Prince Nicholas** of Yugoslavia and **Lucian Freud**, grandson of the psychoanalyst (see MILESTONES). At another table sat the **Duchess of Kent** with



Associated Press

**JOHN NANCE GARNER**  
He outfoxed Squirrel Nutkin.

**Prince and Princess George** of Greece. For 45 minutes the royal and common customers listened to the ratchety-voiced Coward sing a medley of his own songs, caper through his witticisms, and taper off with a blend of sentimental and naughty ballads. The customers considered their money well spent; so did the club, which offered to extend their new star's contract (four weeks at £1,000 a week) indefinitely.

In Portland, Ore. for a concert with the local symphony, **Helen Traubel** explained why she had dropped Overture Pupil **Margaret Truman**. Said she: "I stopped teaching her because I didn't think she was ready for all those appearances. The offers just kept coming in. I even went down to Washington to see her daddy. I told him I couldn't go on if she accepted the offers. It's too bad. Most young singers just don't realize how much they have to study. The funny thing is, she really has a nice voice—nothing great—but good enough for a career. And she wants so much to sing."

In Manhattan, another facet of Margaret Truman's career got a higher rating. As guest artist and straight woman on the **Jimmy Durante** show, she surprised and pleased both the public and the Schnoz himself, who rasped: "We'll call the act Truman, Jackson and Durante—we'll moider 'em."

On Halloween night in Omaha, Neb., Blackstone the Magician marked the 25th

## PEOPLE

anniversary of the death of his friend, **Harry Houdini**. In the ritual of the annual séance, he spread a deck of cards, held a small padlock and called to the spirit world: "All right, Harry, if you're around, let us know." Harry's job was to unsnap the padlock and make the queen of clubs dance from the deck. After waiting a minute and a half, Blackstone gave up, to try again another year. At another party in Manhattan, Mentalist **Dunninger** also waited in vain. All he wanted was a message in Morse code from Harry.

On the brink of his 83rd birthday, photographers in Uvalde, Texas got a harvest picture of **John Nance Garner** that looked for all the world like Old Brown, the late great Beatrix Potter's grouchy owl.\* Unlike Old Brown, however, who allowed brash Squirrel Nutkin and his cousins to gather his crop of nuts, the former Vice President was busy doing it himself. From the trees in his backyard, he said, "I hull two bushels of pecans a day, shell about six to eight pounds a day, and sell them for a dollar a pound."

### Second Thoughts

In Paris, former Belgian Premier **Paul-Henri Spaak**, now chairman of the Council of Europe, suggested to a diplomatic press luncheon that U.S. efforts to aid Europe might be evaluated in a new light: "If I had to persuade my constituents to pay 10% more taxes for aid to America, and tell them that Belgian conscripts should serve in Arkansas, I am fairly certain I should not be re-elected."

A reporter for the New Orleans *Item* who caught visiting Novelist **William Faulkner** in an expansive mood asked the Nobel Prizewinner how he would like to re-live his life. Said Faulkner: "Why, youngster, I reckon I'd be a woman or a tramp. They don't have to work so hard. Or maybe a rich orphan, with a trust company instead of kinfolks." However, in his present existence he admitted that work was hard to dodge. "What else are you going to do? You can't drink eight hours a day. Or make love. Work's about the only thing a fellow has to do to keep from being bored." Furthermore, Faulkner added, "I ain't a writer. Why, I don't even know any writers. I don't pay no attention to publishers, either. They write me a letter—if it don't have a royalty check in it, I throw it away."

\* Old Brown →



Courtesy Frederick Warne & Co.

During the jubilee celebration of the Royal Aero Club in London, **Lord Brabazon**, holder of the first pilot's license ever issued in Britain, gave a television audience his latter-day judgment of air transportation. Said he: "Ballooning is the only way for a gentleman to travel. No noise, no drafts, and you don't know where you're going. What could be better than that?"

One of cinema's tough men decided it



**DURANTE & TRUMAN**  
They moidered 'em.

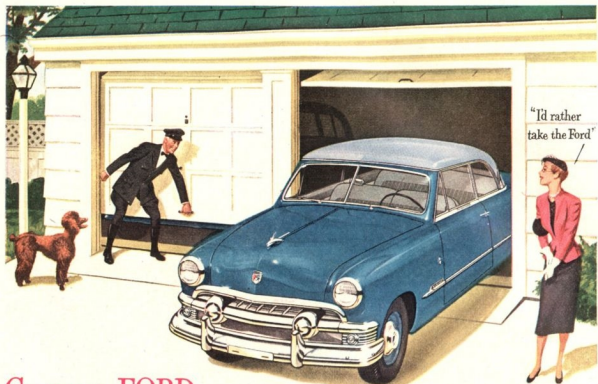
was time to deny that he was having a quarrel with his producer, and bought advertising space in a Hollywood trade paper to say so: "There has been a lot of talk, caused by irresponsible persons, to the effect that Sam Spiegel and I are feuding. This is not true. I love Sam Spiegel... Sincerely, **Humphrey Bogart**."

The Massachusetts Bar Association, which admitted him as a young Harvard graduate in 1930, asked that **Alger Hiss**, now serving a five-year sentence for perjury, be disbarred. After a nine-minute hearing, with no defense, the state supreme court agreed, following a similar decision last year by New York State.

When nominations closed in the triennial election to fill the honorary post of Rector of Edinburgh University, officials faced a diplomatic poser. Along with such acceptable candidates as the **Aga Khan**, **Sir Alexander Fleming** and **Evelyn Waugh**, some fun-loving students had entered the name of Iran's Britain-baiting Premier **Mossaddegh**. Fortunately, the rules provided an easy way out. Candidates are required to accept their nominations in writing; Mossaddegh had merely cabled his acceptance.

### Collectors' Items

Manhattan's exclusive Lotus Club, which specializes in giving formal dinners for men of distinction, honored a woman flyer of distinction: **Jacqueline Cochran**, the first aviator to appear as a guest since



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A map showing the routes of Pan American-Grace Airways. The map highlights the West Coast of South America, including cities like Los Angeles, Chicago, New York, Miami, Panama, Guayaquil, Lima, Santiago, Montevideo, and Buenos Aires. A dashed line indicates the route from New York to Buenos Aires via the West Coast of South America, which is noted as being 500 miles shorter than the route via the Atlantic Ocean.

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**Amelia Earhart** in 1935. After fellow flyer General **James H. Doolittle** outlined some of her accomplishments (five world air speed records, the 1950 Harmon International Air Trophy, wartime head of WASP, flying with the French, Spanish, Chinese and Turkish air forces), Guest of Honor Cochran "just got all choked up" and replied: "I didn't realize myself I had made so many records."

After a fruitless search through France, Italy and England, Cinemactress **Jane Russell**, who adopted a baby girl in California this year and would like to add an imported youngster to her family, arrived in Germany for a tour of the Frankfurt orphanages. When requirements proved too stiff (a year's residence in Germany before taking the child out of the country), she started shopping for two other items, an old-fashioned German-language Bible and some Army post-exchange per-



COCHRAN & DOOLITTLE  
She forgot the score.

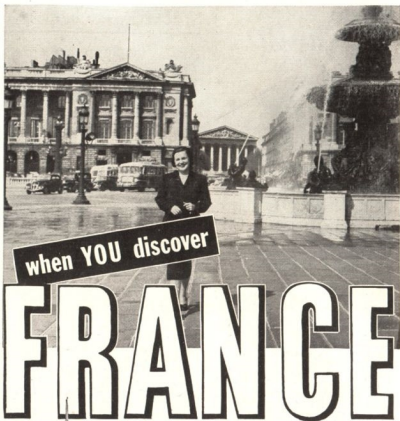
Wide World

fume. But the whole trip turned out a failure. The PX was closed, and there were no Bibles answering her specifications for sale.

Manhattan's Museum of Modern Art announced a "notable" acquisition. Singing Cowboy **Gene Autry** in person presented an example of his art: a print of *Mule Train* for the film library.

Mrs. **Eva Wakefield**, granddaughter of **Robert G. Ingersoll**, the famed 19th Century agnostic, told police that a Manhattan gypsy had temporarily converted her into believing the old handkerchief trick: that money tied in a handkerchief would double itself. She had lost faith, however, and wanted the cops to try to recover her \$18,507 offering.

**Gloria Vanderbilt Stokowski**, wife of the symphony conductor, postponed her suit against the Government in which she is trying to collect \$12,285 in overpaid taxes. Her reason: she expects her second baby in January.



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## AEC v. the Reporters

Newsman thought it was a tossup which was colder—the six-above-zero dawns on Nevada's frozen mountainsides or the Atomic Energy Commission. The AEC wouldn't even give reporters the time of day of an A-blast, or the day. So, for three weeks of icy daybreaks, almost 100 reporters clambered up the mountainsides and stood in five-inch snow, peering towards the test site at Frenchman's Flat, waiting for a blast. By last week, when the first big explosion finally came, one-third of the correspondents had given up in disgust. By week's end, all but a handful had gone.

When the newsmen first arrived, AEC men said coldly that "we didn't invite you... and don't expect any information from us." Quite a number of other people, however, had been invited: 8,000 construction workers, troops, civilian observers (including talkative Congressmen) and two AEC secretaries.

Reporters were thrown back on guesses, suspicions and plain washroom rumors. They cruised around picking up hitchhiking G.I.s ("the floating interview") or collaring construction workers in bars. Some crawled to the conclusion that the first blast was a fizzle, because of the facial expressions of scientists returning to Las Vegas' El Cortez Hotel. The few and scanty press releases given out by public-relations officers were virtually useless. One picture showed G.I.s in the area unloading cans of fruit cocktail.

After a group of Congressmen announced that they had seen one bomb dropped on animals, reporters asked AEC "What kind of animals?" AEC replied that it didn't know whether the Congressmen meant Army animals or AEC animals. If they were Army animals, it didn't know, if they were AEC animals, it couldn't say.

After the tests finally began, the Army officially permitted correspondents to interview only twelve G.I.s who took part, although the other thousands will soon be dispersed in camps throughout the U.S., and telling other soldiers what happened. Said the New York *Times*'s Gladwin Hill: "All this uncertainty presumably has had the desired effect of confusing the Russians... it also promises equally to confuse the American public, on whose support the work depends."

## Ladies &amp; Gentlemen

Of all Hollywood's chambermaids of the press, none picked up more telltale bits of underwear from the Franchot Tone-Barbara Payton-Tom Neal muss-up than did Florabel Muir, Hollywood tattler for the New York *Daily News* and the Los Angeles *Mirror*. Last week Actor Tone, who lost the fist fight but won the girl, took revenge. He spat squarely in Florabel's face.

Their encounter took place in Ciro's, an expensive Sunset Strip night-cyrie.

Tone walked in with his wife and her maiden aunt, a Miss Fay Redfield of Cloquet, Minn. Barbara had just returned to town for three personal appearances, two in theaters and one before a federal grand jury which was interested in a dope-peddling murder (she had supplied the suspect's alibi). Franchot stepped to Florabel's table.

Then, related Florabel: "He says, 'Hello, Florabel.' He took my hand as if to shake it and he held on, he didn't let go... He started to kick me in the shins, I thought... he might be clowning. You know how it is in Hollywood. You never know."

"Then he turned to Denny [her husband] and he said, 'Who's this, the doctor?' I said, 'My husband.' He said, 'Are



REPORTER MUIR

"I don't have red hair for nothing."

you married? How long have you been married?... Have you got a marriage certificate?... You know, you don't have to be married to sleep together.' 'That's so,' I told him, 'but I'll have it photostated for you if you're interested.' He says, 'I couldn't be less interested, Miss Florabel Manure. And then I notice his eyes were not focusing. 'Why, you act as though you were mad—I mean angry—Franchot!' He says, 'I am mad. I am so goddam mad I want to spit in your face'... and he did. I jumped up and slapped his face. I don't have red hair for nothing."

Florabel, once winged when she was following Racketeer Mickey Cohen, and he was fired upon by business rivals (the *News* then let her put a bulletproof corset on her expense account), had Tone arrested and jailed for assault. But, though she is an old tabloid hand, she didn't think the fuss was Newsworthy until the paper wired her to write it up.

Next morning in court, Franchot Tone



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pleaded innocent to Florabel's charges, later dictated an apology to Florabel to other newsmen, but still threatened to sue the *News* for Florabel's stories. Florabel's reply was to wave a wire from *News* President F. M. Flynn: "He can't do that to us. Remember the old newspaper motto: 'Print the news and raise hell.' I'm for you."

### Censorship in South Africa

The South African government, harassed by taut racial tensions, is as sensitive to a naked nerve to everything that affects South Africa, including what its people read. The Malan government has clamped a constantly tightening censorship on imported publications.

Its chief censor is Interior Minister Theophilus Ebenhaezar Dönges, son of a Dutch Reformed clergyman. By law, he



Margaret Bourke-White—Life  
CENSOR DÖNGES

What is "obscene or objectionable"?

can ban anything he considers "indecent, obscene or... objectionable," and no court can overrule him. While his government is conducting an official inquiry into the policies of its own press and ceaselessly sniping at foreign correspondents who report from South Africa, Dönges has cut off more & more books and magazines that come from outside.

He considers "objectionable" such publications for Negroes as Chicago's *Ebony*, those that show whites and Negroes mingling, Communist publications and any which sensationalize crime.

By last week, Censor Dönges had banned 260 publications, 133 of them from the U.S. Most were comics, pulps, detective chillers. But on his "B" list of "suspect" magazines, liable to banning, were many general U.S. magazines. Latest to feel the sting of Dönges' whip were bookstores. A fortnight ago, he ordered that all imported books be kept unopened in specially sealed bags until customs men could inspect them for "contraband" literature. In Johannes-

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burg, there was a single customs man to cover 25 booksellers. Harried by clamoring customers, their stores crammed with unopened parcels, the booksellers cried for "relaxation." Last week they got it. The government told the stores "you may receive your book parcels as freely" as before, but added an ominous note: "The department reserves the right to hold back an occasional parcel . . . for examination."

## "A Pretty Poor Job?"

Is the press doing a good job in telling the news to readers? A poll of newspaper copy desk chiefs by George Gallup showed that it is doing "a pretty poor job."

His polls have shown, wrote Gallup in this week's New York Times Magazine, that a third of American adults do not know that Dean Acheson is Secretary of State. In one series of questions (Where is Manchuria? Formosa? What is the 38th parallel? The Atlantic port? Who is Chiang Kai-shek? Tito?), almost a fifth of the people asked couldn't answer a single one. Most of them, said he, had exaggerated ideas of the power of A-bombs, thought a few could erase a whole nation, and thus had no idea of the cost of war. In any case, they believed that "war with Russia is inevitable. So let's get it over with."

The blame for such ignorance, said Gallup, can be leveled chiefly at the people themselves. They "have become so bent on entertainment that anything which doesn't fit easily and unconsciously into this groove tends to be ignored. The old-fashioned idea that everyone should keep abreast of the times" apparently has lost much of its earlier appeal." But Gallup raised a pertinent question for the press. Have editors "lost a sense of mission" and begun to worry too much, he asked, "about having the most popular comic strips and the most complete sports pages, and too little about keeping their readers interested in, and informed about, the important problems of the day?"

## Winchell v. Baker

In the world of peephole journalism, there is no more beautiful relationship than that between columnist Walter Winchell and Sherman Billingsley, owner of Manhattan's famed Stork Club. Oklahoma Billingsley dates the beginning of his club's fabulous success from the day Winchell first came in and pronounced it "the New Yorkiest place in town." Since then Winchell has always had his own table there, and uses the Stork as his night office. There, he has planned many of the crusades which have gradually promoted him in his own esteem from gossip reporter to the foremost champion of human rights. But last week the Champ was screaming as shrilly as the kind of drunken blonde that Billingsley never, never allows in his club. Walter had been accused of ignoring an act of "discrimination"

\* Now one of the dirtiest words in the language — thanks to its indiscriminate use by columnists like Winchell. Its popular meaning: anti-Semitism, anti-Negroism.

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\*Reader's Digest  
January, 1950



**VICEROYS COST ONLY A PENNY PER PACK  
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that was made no more than a table-hopper's hop from his Cub Room table.

**No Crabmeat.** The discriminee was tall, tan Josephine Baker, the sleek Negro singer who first achieved fame in Paris by entertaining while clad only in a girdle of bananas. Miss Baker and some friends (Roger Rico, current male lead in *South Pacific*, Mrs. Rico and Mrs. Bessie Buchanan, an old friend of Miss Baker's) had sat down in the Cub Room, where they were served a round of drinks. Then Miss Baker ordered a crabmeat cocktail, a steak and a bottle of wine. One hour later, according to friends, nothing had been served, and the waiters were playing a rotary defense. Josephine, who has made something of a specialty of creating incidents since her return to the U.S. last spring, reacted with practiced dispatch.



Alfred Eisenstaedt—Pix  
**JOSEPHINE BAKER**  
Instead of wine, a cold shoulder.

She stormed into the night to find Walter White, executive secretary of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, to whom her companions delivered the shattering charge: Winchell had been there and seen it all, and never lifted a finger to help.

White promptly fired off a telegram to Winchell, demanding an explanation. The row was fanned busily by the *New York Post*, which often vies with Winchell as the foremost champion of human rights. Then Fighter Sugar Ray Robinson weighed in. Sugar Ray said he would regretfully quit Winchell's Damon Runyon Memorial Fund unless Billingsley, also on the fund committee, "cleared up the situation immediately." Josephine Baker had given the fund the \$20,000 proceeds of a Los Angeles appearance and Sugar Ray had just returned from a \$60,000 benefit for it in Boston. Said Sugar Ray: "I can't tell you how it makes me feel being a member

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of a committee fighting cancer, and you have a cancer right there in your own committee."

"I Am Appalled." Winchell began to explain. He insisted that he had left the Stork Club before the Baker incident occurred. Cried Winchell: "I am appalled at the agony and embarrassment caused Josephine Baker and her friends at the Stork Club. But I am equally appalled at their efforts to involve me in an incident in which I had no part." As a clincher, he added a letter from Walter White himself, doubting that Winchell "would be a party to any insult to human dignity."

But next day, White indignantly cried foul. He had given the letter to Winchell only with the understanding that Winchell would repudiate Billingsley and his "anti-Negro, anti-Jewish, anti-labor, pro-snob attitude." Snapped White: he hadn't.

**Attack!** Winchell retorted with a fresh flurry of testimonials to himself from Negroes, and launched a sniping attack on Josephine. In successive columns she became pro-fascist, a troublemaker and a Communist-guided *provocatrice*. Her supporters became "the Josephine Baker riot-inciters." Winchell reported darkly that "newspapermen are checking the tip that one of the complainants against the Stork Club (and her husband) helped incite and participated in the Paul Robeson-Peekskill riots." Then he reported that in 1935 Josephine had declared: "I am willing to recruit a Negro army to help Italy" in Mussolini's war on Ethiopia.

The topper was a report about her and the 1935 New York nightclub, Chez Josephine Baker: "The club was run in an extremely elegant manner. . . she did not want colored patronage."

"**Ungather My Dry Goods.**" Josephine appealed to President Truman himself. "This matter is much bigger than Josephine Baker," she cried. "It is a matter that concerns America itself."

Amidst the babel, the voice of Sugar Ray was heard again in the New York *Post*. A fellow had come up behind him the other night, said Sugar Ray, grabbed him by the neck and demanded to know where he stood in the argument. "I had to tell him, 'Daddy-O, ungather my dry goods or I'll have to let you have it,'" said Sugar. With the air of a man trying to be helpful to his friend Winchell, Sugar explained that Walter had told him about the Stork Club long ago. "I called him up once," said Sugar, "and told him I'd meet him down at the Stork Club and he said, 'I wish you wouldn't, Champ. Sherman Billingsley doesn't like Negroes and he doesn't want them in his place, and if you came down there and he insulted you I'd have to break with him although I've known him for 23 years.'"

Sugar added a final thought: "Walter is a newspaperman and is entitled to his own opinion, but I think it is making him appear as though he were attacking Miss Baker because she stood up in this matter against Sherman Billingsley."

At week's end, Champ Winchell was still going right on talking. But Sugar Ray had about said the last word.



"Careful, Frank, don't waste a drop—that's Old Smuggler."

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**A—**Because in ancient days the thrifty Scots bought their finest whisky from the "smugglers."

**Q—Why is it Scotch with a history?**

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## SPORT

### Bright Back

Only two weeks after an opposing tackle's well-aimed blow broke the jaw of Drake University Halfback Johnny Bright (TIME, Nov. 5), the nation's leading ground gainer was gaining ground again. Playing with a grilled face guard on his helmet and 11 lbs. under his normal weight (cause of the loss: a liquid diet), Bright was jolted again the second time he carried the ball, and the wires holding his teeth together were snapped. But he stayed in the game, ran for one touchdown, passed for two more, picked up 106 yards on the ground in 19 tries, and led the Bulldogs to a 35-20 win over previously unbeaten Great Lakes Naval Station.

Other football winners of the week: Princeton, sparked by All-America Halfback Dick Kazmaier on a slushy field, over Brown, 12-0, for its 19th in a row; Tennessee, ranked No. 1 in the nation, its 16th straight, 27-0 over North Carolina; the University of Southern California, fourth-ranking team, over Army, 28-6; Texas Christian over undefeated Baylor, 20-7; Illinois, moving into the Big Ten's top spot and Rose Bowl-bound (probable opponent: U.S.C. or Stanford), with a touchdown pass in the final 75 seconds to beat Michigan, 7-0.

### Not Cricket

In South Africa, Eric Rowan is as heroic a figure as Joe DiMaggio or Babe Ruth is in the U.S. Playing cricket against England last summer, Rowan, vice captain of his team and opening batsman, scored 236 runs, highest individual score any South African player ever made in a test match. But later, at Old Trafford, the Manchester cricket ground, Rowan made a different



HORSEWOMAN COMBS DRIVING RADIATION  
No Sunday driver, she.

Associated Press

kind of sensation. When the crowd decided he was "stone-walling" (i.e., batting a wholly defensive game), it gave him cricket's equivalent of a Bronx cheer—slow, rhythmic handclaps. Infuriated, Rowan sat down on the "pitch" (the ground between the two wickets), and signaled his batting partner to do the same until the "barracking" died down.

This was definitely not cricket. Last fortnight the South African Cricket Board, without explanation, fired Rowan from the team. Last week, while local sportswriters and cricket fans were demanding that the board break its stony silence, Rowan was planning to sue it for "smirching my good name." What's more, said he indignantly, "it's not cricket."

### Horses in the Garden

Scarcely had the rodeo roughnecks wahoed out of Manhattan's Madison Square Garden when the genteel folk of horsemadom cantered in. Unmannerly broncos and bucking Brahman bulls were replaced by mannerly hunters and harness ponies, five-gaited mares that would no more buck than fly. The crowd was different too: vulgar cheerers were taboo; from the Golden Oval of boxes came only polite applause, an occasional bravo that rang no rafters. With its black topplers, red tail coats and trumpets signaling the start of Manhattan's social season, last week the 63rd National Horse Show was in full swing.

The international competition was the keenest ever, the revived U.S. team facing the top equestrian talent of Brazil, Mexico, Ireland and Canada. Appropriately, Colonel Humberto Mariles, captain of the Mexican Army team, rode off with the show's first big award, the President of Mexico Trophy, for traversing a 13-jump course on three successive mounts.

A minor international incident flared up when Mariles protested to the judges because they allowed Ireland's Captain Michael Tubridy to cut inside a timing flag in winning the West Point Challenge Trophy. But when the Show's president, Brigadier General Alfred G. Tuckerman, proved that the flag was no course marker, Mariles ended by complimenting Tubridy for smart riding.

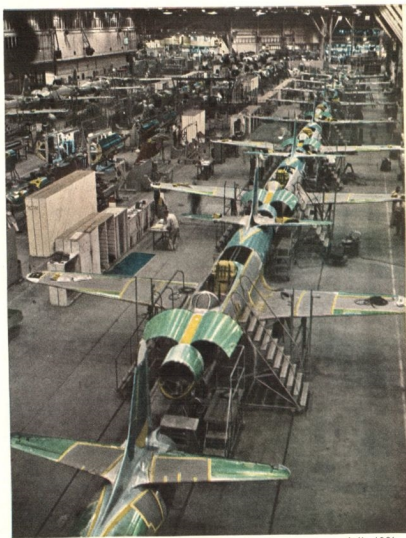
The U.S. equestrian team, now one & the same as the U.S. Olympic team, produced an added attraction: Mrs. Carol Durand, 33, the wife of a Kansas City insurance executive, and the first woman ever chosen as a U.S. Olympic team member. This week, against the world's best riders, Mrs. Durand got her third white ribbon (fourth place) in the International Jumping Stake.

But the hit of the individual entrants



CRICKETER ROWAN ON THE PITCH  
A stone-waller, he.

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was Mrs. Loula Long Combs, 70, who has taken blue ribbons at every one of her National showings since her first in 1913. Rounding the show ring in her red-wheeled phaeton, with her smartly liveried footman sitting behind her on the dickey and her docked, high-stepping horses trotting in perfect rhythm, she took the harness pairs class, celebrated her 54th year of competition by winning eight other events in the hackney horse and pony classes.

Back home at Longview Farm in Lee's Summit, Mo., Horsewoman Combs spends much of her time in her stable, spoiling her horses and making pets of them. A devout member of the Disciples of Christ (she has her own chapel at Longview as well as a half-mile training track), she refuses to compete in a horse event on Sunday. At the National last week, Loula Combs was getting a special dispensation to befit her royal station: "The Garden has been so nice. They haven't scheduled any event of my class on Sunday, so I won't miss anything."

### No Extra Point

Commissioner Bert Bell of the National Football League last week offered a radical suggestion for scoring the professional game: eliminate the point after touchdown and score each touchdown as seven points. As it is, said Bell, the extra point is a "waste of time"; by eliminating it, "we will do away with the one-point spread in which gamblers are so much interested." In case of a tie game he proposed an extra "sudden-death" period at the end of the four conventional quarters. After a scoreless extra period, a tie would presumably be called a tie.

### Who Won

¶ The U.S. Ryder Cup team, over Britain; for the fifth year in a row; at Pinehurst, N.C. Captained by Sam Snead, the ten U.S. players dropped only two out of twelve matches, tied one, to maintain a perfect record defending the Cup on home ground.

¶ Counterpoint, C. V. Whitney's brilliant, brittle colt, the \$59,600 Empire City Handicap; at Jamaica, N.Y. The victory made him the top money-winner (\$250,525) of the year, but a cracked hoof put him out of competition until 1952.

¶ World's Flyweight Champion Dado Marino, Hawaii's aging (35) "Little Brown Doll," a 15-round decision in a return title bout with Britain's Challenger Terry Allen; in Honolulu.

¶ Marcel Boussac, French textile tycoon, the one-mile Houghton Stakes at Newmarket, with his two-year-old colt Auribian, thus becoming the leading money-winner in Britain (\$103,716) for the second year in a row.

¶ Brooklyn Dodger Catcher Roy Campanella, the Baseball Writers' annual poll as Most Valuable Player in the National League. In second place: Stan ("The Man") Musial of the St. Louis Cardinals, who has won the award three times before. Third: the Giants' Monte Irvin, who led the league in runs batted in.



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## MEDICINE

### Capsules

¶ Researchers for the National Cancer Institute of Canada reported promising results with a new blood test for cancer: a high proportion of glutamic acid in the blood apparently indicates malignancy. In 20 cases out of 22, the test proved right.

¶ In Manhattan, Joseph L. Brandt and Sidney Greenberg were convicted of using the mails to defraud contributors to their "Cancer Welfare Fund." In ten months they took in \$123,003, passed out only \$7,349. As "principal architect of the plan," Brandt drew 3½ years in prison, Greenberg, 2½.

¶ Despite repeated, urgent appeals for blood (TIME, Oct. 22), the armed forces are still not getting their 75,000 pints a week. Donations in the last week of October: 72,685 pints (19,281 from servicemen, 53,404 from civilians).

¶ In Pasadena, Calif., four-year-old Donnie Morton of Archerwill, Sask., who had made good progress in a series of operations for water on the brain (TIME, July 2 and Sept. 3), caught pneumonia and died in his sleep.

### Nasal Breakdowns

Most ivory-tower plastic surgeons are concerned with correcting some of mankind's more serious deformities—not with making "cosmetic" repairs such as nose bobbing or face lifting. This attitude is too narrow and too stuffy, according to Dr. Adolph Abraham Apton of Manhattan's Mount Sinai Hospital: anything that makes a person feel uncomfortably conspicuous leads to mental upsets and ought to be corrected if possible. Dr. Apton's motto: "Plastic surgery is a surgical method of psychotherapy."

In a new book, *Your Mind and Appearance* (Citadel; \$3), Dr. Apton defends his theory. Many children's personalities are warped, he argues, because they happen to be born with jug ears, and get teased about them. Often the nose is the worrisome feature—and it does not have to be as big as Cyrano de Bergerac's. The passion to possess a sort of U.S. standard nose, says Dr. Apton, brings him patients who want their broad, flat noses built up with a bit of ridge, others who want their ridges taken down a notch. Dr. Apton generally obliges.

Pure vanity is not the only motive that sends people running to the plastic surgeon. Often it's a matter of cold business. Apton cites case after case (but without mentioning names), e.g., actresses who were able to go on playing youthful roles after face lifting, while others of the same age, with unlifted faces, got only middle-aged parts or none at all; a pediatrician who had a port-wine birthmark removed from his face because it scared the kiddies; a rabbit-eared radio announcer who had to have an operation to get a job on television.

Strongly as he believes in plastic surgery, Dr. Apton warns that it should not

be used in purely trifling cases, or when a patient's depression is actually rooted in something deeper. And with approval he quotes a Canadian colleague: "Scars obtained in honest toil or in battle for a righteous cause are not dishonorable. In fact . . . they should be regarded as a badge of honor."

### More Becoming

Karen Killilea is a freckle-nosed little girl of eleven who falls down more than most youngsters: she has cerebral palsy. Like many another young palsy patient, she has been wearing a football helmet to protect her head. But a helmet is hot and heavy. Karen's father, a Manhattan engineer, took a better idea to Cavanagh's, the Park Avenue hatters. Last week Karen was wearing a jaunty cap. Built with a core



KAREN & CAP  
Not so hot and heavy.

of laminated plastic, it gives just as much protection as the helmet, and everybody, including Karen, thinks it is a lot more becoming. The United Cerebral Palsy Association is spreading the news of Karen's new cap (cost: about \$18) to member organizations across the U.S.

### Bites in the Night

When Francisco Pizarro's conquistadores began pushing their way up the coastal valleys of Peru, a fourth of them sickened and died of a strange fever. Others suffered for months from hideous warts.

In those same valleys, the fever and the warts still linger—a threat to strangers, though seldom to the natives. One fever outbreak killed 7,000 workmen and stopped the building of a railroad. But for 300 years the connection between the fever and the warts was unrecognized. Then in 1885, Daniel Carrión, a medical student, inoculated himself with fluid from a patient's warts. He fell ill of the fever and died. In his honor, the fever and



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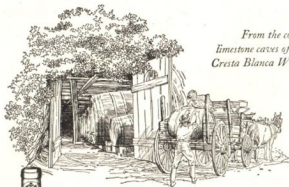
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the warts were lumped together as Carrión's disease. Still there was no cure.

Last week, Peruvian and U.S. doctors reported that Carrión's disease has been virtually defeated. It is spread by sandflies, which bite mainly at night, and it attacks the native Indians in mild form in childhood. The severer cases in later life, especially among white intruders, often have a complication similar to typhoid fever. These cases, the doctors report, can be controlled by Chloromycetin. Streptomycin checks the warts.

## Laurels

For their efforts to relieve the ills of mankind, awards were passed out last week to two medical researchers and a pest exterminator:

At the annual convention of the United Cerebral Palsy Associations in Philadelphia, Boston's Dr. Samuel P. Hicks was



Maurey Garber  
POMERANTZ & "STIVALIUS POMERANTZI"  
A flea in his honor.

given the \$1,000 Max Weinstein Award, plus \$8,000 to continue his research. In pregnant animals, Dr. Hicks has found, small doses of X rays and certain drugs cripple the central nervous system of the offspring. It may be that cerebral palsy has a similar origin.

At French Lick, Ind., Dr. Edwin Bennett Astwood of Tufts Medical School received the \$1,000 Borden Award for thyroid research, and for finding ways to extract more ACTH from the pituitary glands of hogs.

Charles Pomerantz, 54, an immigrant from Poland who did well in Manhattan's garment industry, switched to the exterminating business because he thought it offered more chance for public service. In 1946, a new disease, Rickettsialpox, broke out in Queens, and Pomerantz tracked down the carrier—a tiny mite carried by mice. In his honor, a new species of flea, found in the Philippines, has now been named *Stivalius pomerantzi*.

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# THE THEATER

## New Musical in Manhattan

**Top Banana** (words & music by Johnny Mercer; book by Hy Kraft; produced by Paula Stone & Mike Sloane) is the most enjoyable show, considering how many things are wrong with it, that Broadway has seen in years. Few recent musicals have been so generally fast on their feet; fewer still have been so truly funny. And none has been more of a one-man show.

The man is engaging, bespectacled Phil (*High Button Shoes*) Silvers, who works like a truck horse at the speed of a race horse and with the timing of a steeple-chaser. As TV's headlining, scene-hogging, credit-grabbing Jerry Biffle, the sort of megalomaniac who would throw himself in the path of a car if the headlights



PHIL SILVERS

John Bennewitz

Less out of Berle than burlesque.

seemed bright enough, he bears a distinct but not very damaging resemblance to Milton Berle.

Actually, the funniest things in *Top Banana* come, not out of Berle, but out of burlesque. The show polishes up one old burlesque routine after another, before scrambling half a dozen together in a wonderful dream-sequence ballet. It also has bits of sheer nonsense, such as three men getting into a hilarious Laocöon-group tangle. As satire, *Top Banana* may not be very incisive, but as high jinks it is delightfully insane.

Fortunately, *Top Banana* does not depend on the usual music-comedy assets. Its music is discreetly commonplace; its love story classically dull. And no doubt, limelight-hogging Jerry Biffle saw to it that the sets, the costumes, the chorines should have no distracting charms. *Top Banana* is a music-comedy that owes its liveness to TV, its laughs to burlesque, its success to indefatigable Phil Silvers.

TIME, NOVEMBER 12, 1951

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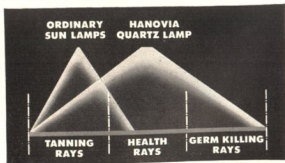
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### New Plays in Manhattan

**The Number** (by Arthur Carter; produced by Paul Vroom & Irving Cooper) has faults galore, but one very respectable virtue: it keeps its audience interested. Without offering anything very new, Playwright Carter has built up a good situation for melodrama, thrown in some characters that are tough, some twists that are lively, and even a surprise or two. In more expert hands, *The Number* might have excited audiences instead of merely interesting them.

The play tells of a respectable young woman (Martha Scott) who goes to work for a smooth, ruthless bookie (Murvyn



DANE CLARK & MARTHA SCOTT  
More out of love than evil.

Vye). Though his first rule is that employees may not go out with his customers (to avoid the temptation of putting their interests ahead of his), she disobeys and is soon caught up in a heavy love affair with a tough numbers player (Dane Clark). The two are found out, just at the moment when he legitimately wins a big bet, and the rest of the play is a saga of hideaways, getaways and gunfire. Actors Vye and Clark make persuasive evildoers. And though the evil that they do will not live after them, it carries *The Number* safely through the evening.

**Barefoot in Athens** (by Maxwell Anderson; produced by the Playwrights Company) has Playwright Anderson once again raiding history for a hero. This time: Socrates.\* It is not a very satisfactory sortie. Doubtless Socrates himself is partly to blame: however notable for dialogue, he was almost churlishly averse to drama. But Playwright Anderson is even more responsible. He has twisted Plato's Socrates into a symbol, thrust him into

\* On other occasions: Queen Elizabeth, Mary of Scotland, Joan of Arc, George Washington.



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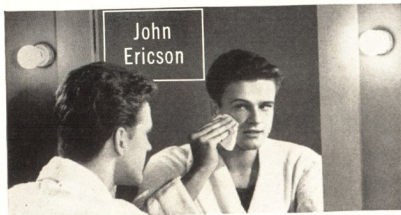
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strange company, shown him off like a Hellenic quiz kid and, at moments, with quite unpoetic license, has wrenched him completely out of character and history out of focus.

Anderson's Socrates, as he moves about Athens, is humorous, misleadingly soft-spoken, exasperatingly inquisitive, relentlessly logical—so very much a gadfly that it's no wonder he was made into a scapegoat. And as played by English Actor Barry Jones, with brilliant ease and assurance, he takes on genuine personality. Raiding history a second time—for a theme—Anderson contrasts democracy in Athens with dictatorship in Sparta, a parallel with modern times that Anderson isn't the first to note. Though the point is well worth making, Socrates has to be lassoed into making it. Socrates' whole life is too exceptional, his whole method too ironic, for him to be a naturally crusading spokesman.

*Barefoot* has some good scenes and some good writing, but suffers even more from lack of sensibility and of art than from lack of drama. It has snatches of Shavian cleverness jostling scraps of Socratic wisdom and ponderous suggestions of *The Private Life of Helen of Troy*. A dramatically pointless harlot tags after a comic-strip King of Sparta; and in direct competition with perhaps the most nobly serene death scene in history, Anderson introduces one all his own. Dramatists rightly take liberties; but Drinkwater did not have Lincoln assassinated at Gettysburg, and Shaw refrained from having Joan devoured by lions.

## South Pacific in London

Noel Coward\* sat in the front row. The Oliviers were there. So were banks of diplomats, café socialites and other famous faces. By the time the curtain went up on the first British showing of *South Pacific*, more than 2,300 had crowded into London's Drury Lane Theater.

By the end of the first act there was no doubt about its reception. Each song was rewarded with salvos of wild cheers. Time after time, applause threatened to hold up the show. Mary Martin's *I'm Gonna Wash That Man Right Outa My Hair* brought down the house. After the final curtain and a dozen curtain calls, Mary came on again, to join the house in a community sing of *Wash That Man*.

But London's critics refused to be pushed over. Wrote the *Daily Express*' John Barber: "My goodness... I got a 42nd Street *Madame Butterfly*. I hoped for a new leading man to rival Ezio Pinza. I got Wilbur Evans... an old uncle with the fire gone out... Only a moderately enchanting evening. People will say I'm in love... with *Oklahoma!*" The *Daily Mail*'s Cecil Wilson thought the plot moved too slowly. Said he: "It seemed to be more like *South Soporific*." Yet the critics, despite their reservations, were quick to admit that *South Pacific* seemed destined to enchant Londoners almost indefinitely.

\* Whose *Pacific 1866*, starring Mary Martin, had flopped in London in 1947.



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## SCIENCE

### Stop Worrying

What are the chances of being hit by a meteorite? In *Popular Astronomy*, Professor Lincoln LaPaz, head of the University of New Mexico's Institute of Meteoritics, estimates the odds: three chances out of ten that someone will be hit every 100 years. Since a little Japanese girl was nicked in 1927 by what was probably a meteorite, the danger for the rest of earth's inhabitants for the rest of the century is just about zero.

### GEK and the Stream

Ocean currents are difficult to clock. The standard method is to measure the distance that a ship moves through the water and compare it with the distance it moves across the bottom of the sea, as shown by celestial observations. Any difference between the two figures is attributed to a current that helped or hindered the ship. The trouble with this system is that it gives only average current velocities over considerable distances and periods of time.

Last week the research ship *Albatross* of the Woods Hole (Mass.) Oceanographic Institute returned from a 22,000-mile Atlantic cruise with new information about the Gulf Stream obtained by a gadget called the Geomagnetic Electrokino-graph. GEK is a steel box full of vacuum tubes which analyzes electrical information from two electrodes trailed behind the ship. When the ship is swung 90° in one direction and then 180° in the other direction, the electrodes interact with the earth's magnetic field and so measure the motion of the water in relation to the sea's bottom.

On most charts the speed of the Gulf Stream is given as about one knot. After making 1,200 GEK readings, the scientists on the *Albatross* decided that the stream has been underrated. Between Cape Hatteras and the Grand Bank, it often flows as fast as four or five knots. It also squirms erratically through the Atlantic. Ships steaming through it are sometimes moving with the current and sometimes against it. So their navigators put the average speed of the stream much too low.

### Funeral in Georgia

The Kolomoki Mounds State Park in southwestern Georgia gets its name from several Indian mounds, relics of a forgotten people who lived 600 years ago. One of them, recently excavated by Dr. William H. Sears of the University of Georgia, is called "Mound D" by archeologists. What the Indians called it may never be known, but the tale of its building must have scared many generations of prehistoric children. Mound D was the scene of the goriest funeral ever held in the state of Georgia.

Carefully, layer by layer, Dr. Sears stripped the mound, which was about 25 ft. high and 100 ft. across. He found it sprinkled with skulls, like a fruitcake stud-

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**Ancient Point Four.** About 1300 A.D.,  
Sears decided, a thriving village surround-  
ed the site of the mound. Its 1,000 inhabi-  
tants lived around a ten-acre plaza. At one  
end was a low earthen pyramid with a  
temple of some sort on top. The Kolomoki  
people were prosperous; they raised corn,  
beans and squash, probably imported at  
some earlier period from the high civiliza-  
tions of Central or South America.

But Mound D Village was not like its  
neighbors. By some sort of "cultural ex-  
change" (perhaps traders, slaves or refu-  
gees from the Weeden Island people in  
Florida), it acquired newfangled ideas that  
originated in the civilizations across the  
Caribbean. One item in this ancient Point  
Four program was the technique of mak-  
ing elaborate, artistic and useless pottery

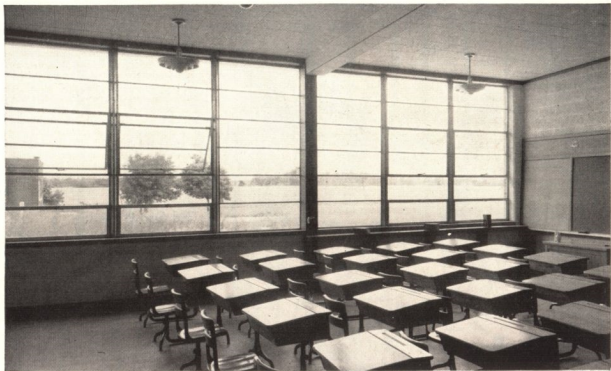


**DIGGERS AT MOUND D**  
Like raisins in a fruitcake.

for ritual purposes. Another, unfortun-  
ately for the villagers, was an inkling of a  
grisly religion, dark with human sacrifice  
and priestly tyranny, which was often a  
feature of the high Indian cultures.

This dangerous seed sprouted strongly  
in the Mound D village. Generation after  
generation, its priests grew more despotic.  
More & more elaborate grew the curious  
pottery that was the ritual furniture of the  
religion from across the sea. Some of the  
pots represented animals, both realistic  
and stylized. Others were abstract shapes  
like Japanese lanterns or spheres pierced  
with holes.

**Pious Orgy.** At last came a fearful day  
when a reigning priest-chief died. A frenzy  
of slaughtering and burying swept over  
the village. First the villagers laid the  
dead priest in his ceremonial litter at the  
end of their wide plaza. Near him they  
buried four men and two women, sacri-  
fices or suicides, and covered the women's  
bodies with flat stones. Then, out of the



Walter T. Anicko, architect in Ann Arbor, designed this Custer Consolidated School in Monroe, Mich. He used a clerestory opposite the wall of windows seen in the picture above. Principal V. L. Gilliland is very happy with the Daylight Walls of clear glass and thoroughly convinced that they are the right way to light classrooms.

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light Wall provides control over ventilation. And—there's nothing like a breath of fresh air!

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temples and huts came all the appurtenances of their gruesome religion: the strange sacred pots, 75 of them, along with baskets of skulls and bundles of human bones. As they laid down these sacred deposits, the villagers built great fires and tossed into them dozens of newly dead bodies. Other victims were buried unburned. Before the pious orgy was over, the mound contained 50 skulls and perhaps 100 whole or partly cremated bodies.

When their frenzy had passed, the villagers moved away. No later mound in the region has yielded sacrificed bodies and such elaborate ritual pottery. One such experience was enough; their bloody religion from across the sea never flourished in Georgia again.

## Old Grads' Return

In a bare concrete pool on the campus of the University of Washington, 15 silver salmon swam happily last week, their fancies turned to thoughts of mating and spawning. They were historic fish—the first salmon to return from the sea to an artificial pool.

The 15 were part of a batch of 26,000 fingerlings hatched at the University's Applied Fisheries Laboratory. The fingerlings were marked by having their fins clipped, and put in the concrete pool. After two weeks there, they were sluiced down a flume into Seattle's Lake Union, from where they found their way to the Pacific. Ever since, Dr. Lauren R. Donaldson, director of the laboratory, has wondered whether they would come back. Young salmon had often been successfully transferred from one watershed to another, but none had ever returned to anything as unhomelike as a concrete pool.

But the two-week stay was apparently enough to convince at least some of the fish that the pool was their home stream. They swam back from the sea and up Puget Sound, guided by their mysterious homing instinct, then struggled through Government fish ladders into Lake Union. When they reached their alma mater, they made a sharp left turn and climbed a ladder into the pool.

A hundred more of the marked salmon, averaging ten pounds each, have been caught by fishermen. Dr. Donaldson hopes that in the next few weeks 1% of the nurslings will have been accounted for, a sensational success in the salmon-nursing business. The faithful return of the alumni, says Dr. Donaldson, will start a new era in the study and culture of salmon. Instead of searching out the migrating salmon in rushing, intractable rivers, fish experts can now handle them as docile laboratory subjects.

Eventually, Dr. Donaldson hopes, man will learn how to raise salmon in "farms" near salt water. When the fingerlings are released, they will reach the sea quickly, dodging the many dangers that await their wild cousins on their journeys down long rivers. When they return from the sea, grown to full salmonhood, they won't have to waste their strength and flesh on battling the rapids. They can swim right into their home farms—and into tin cans.

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## MUSIC

### Toscanini Is Back

Last winter Arturo Toscanini, the white-haired little titan, was beginning to look and move like a man nearing 84. Because of his ailing left knee, he was forced to cancel eight of his NBC concerts. When he flew off to Italy last spring, few of his musicians expected to have the privilege of trembling under one of his tirades again. Moreover, in midsummer came more bad news: the death of his wife Carla, 73, who had been his caretaker and counselor for 54 years. His friends feared he was through. They misjudged their man.

Last week the old Arturo Toscanini was back on his podium—working with the dedication of a man fortified by grief. His



At 84  
His rages fit the crime.

By Friedman—NBC

wife's death has left him little to live for but his music.

His skin is pink, his eye is clear. The rasp—but not the power—is missing from his voice. His knee seems better, too. A safety railing was installed at the back of his podium last year, but when he gripped it at all in rehearsals last week, it was mostly to shake it with temperamental rage—that is, when the gravity of the crime did not actually set him jumping up & down with both feet.

Since his return to the U.S. in September, the little perfectionist has been recording (and releasing old records) at a furious pace, perhaps finally convinced that his performances are worth handing down to posterity.\* When a recording session scheduled for this week was can-

\* RCA Victor even has hopes of releasing a Toscanini performance of Beethoven's *Symphony No. 9*; several renderings have been recorded, but, because of minor imperfections, the maestro has refused to approve any of them for release.

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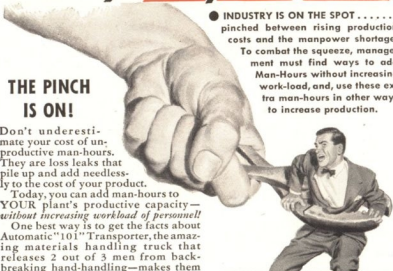
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# MAC NAUGHTON'S CANADIAN



CANADIAN WHISKY, A BLEND, 86.8 PROOF • SCHENLEY IMPORT CORPORATION, NEW YORK, N. Y.

celebrated, he demanded to know why. Told that the hall was available only after midnight, he said: "Oh, Perhaps the musicians will be too tired." Replied NBC Music Director Samuel Chotzinoff: "I wasn't thinking of them, Maestro, I was thinking of you." Said Toscanini: "Then we'll record." The truth seems to be that the old man, even though his son Walter and family are living with him, cannot bear the new loneliness of his big house overlooking the Hudson.

The music that poured from radio and television loudspeakers at week's end, as Arturo Toscanini began his 14th NBC season, bore little trace of the loneliness he feels. As ever, once on the podium, he was concerned only with the feelings Brahms put into his *Symphony No. 1* and Weber into his *Euryanthe* Overture. At 84, Toscanini projected those feelings with a power, clarity and precision no other living conductor can match.

### "Crosby of the Sandpile"

Kansas-born Frank Luther has been a cowboy, a Bible singer, a preacher (Disciples of Christ), a folk singer, an operatic tenor and a songwriter (*Barnacle Bill the Sailor*). But he is most likely to be remembered as "the Bing Crosby of the Sandpile Set."

Not that there is much vocal similarity; Frank Luther's voice is as kernally as Kansas corn, and his style as clear as a summer day. But in 21 years of making children's records, he has amassed a Bingle-sized following among the hobby-horse set, which also means Bingle-sized record sales. Some of his 950 Decca records, such as the original, out-of-print *Babar*\* series (1936), have even become collector's items.

Last week, having cut half a dozen new

\* Based on French Painter Jean de Brunhoff's charming fables for children, in which elephants are like better-behaved bourgeois Frenchmen.



FRANK LUTHER & DAUGHTER  
He kills children.



Roy Stevens

MANN, HILLVER, WINOGRAD & KOFF  
Good, if not grey.

kiddy classics (e.g., *Santa Claus Is Coming to Town*; *Ting-a-Ling-a-Jingle*) for the Christmas trade, friendly Frank Luther, 51, was warming up for a personal-appearance tour. He has a ready routine, stumbled on by accident on his first school tour five years ago.

"I sit down, look over the audience and say a line no gagwriter would ever put on paper: 'You know, once I was a little baby.' It kills them. I don't know why, but the fact that this fat old man was ever a baby just kills them."

Luther always enjoys killing them, but he enjoys teaching them even more. He got his first inkling of power years ago when he used the phrase "friendly darkness" in a song. Child psychiatrists who were treating children for fear of darkness wrote him to keep up the good work. Now his entertaining *Songs of Safety and Health Can Be Fun* are used regularly by hundreds of U.S. schools.

A doting parent himself, Luther tests new records on his own children, Melody, 5, and Warren, 3. Says he: "If they say 'again' three times, I've got a hit."

### Juilliard's Young Quartet

To please the querulous ears of music critics, the members of string quartets usually have to play together until they are grey. The Juilliard String Quartet is made up of virtual youngsters who have been working together for a mere five years, but even the critics have to admit that they are good.

The Juilliard made its first big splash three seasons ago by performing a cycle of the six quartets of Bela Bartok for the first time in the U.S., and playing them in a ruggedly impressive manner. With the last note, Russia's Dmitri Shostakovich, who was in Manhattan for a peace-front powwow, rushed backstage with congrat-

ulations. A Columbia Records executive signed them up for recordings.

Since then, the Juilliard has won more & more friends. The next year they revived the neglected quartets of Arnold Schoenberg. Dimitri Mitropoulos, conductor of the New York Philharmonic-Symphony, impulsively pronounced them "the greatest quartet in the world." The Juilliard itself is a bit cooler about its own quality. But last week, after a series of ten Mozart quartets in Manhattan, the quartet was warming toward itself. They were mildly criticized for bringing a thought too much of their own 20th Century exuberance to Mozart's 18th Century brand. But as Violinist Robert Mann put it: "We think we played Mozart every bit as well as we did Bartok, probably better. And young people accept our classical playing as easily as the older ones do our moderns."

The quartet's four members are as American as *White Christmas*. First Violinist Mann, 31, comes from Portland, Ore.; Second Violinist Robert Koff, 32, from Los Angeles; Violist Raphael Hillver, 37, from Hanover, N.H., and Cellist Arthur Winograd, 31, from Manhattan. Mann and Koff knew each other at the Juilliard conservatory; Winograd and Hillver, a onetime violinist in the Boston Symphony, met at Tanglewood. After the war (all but Hillver were in the Army), they got together and persuaded Juilliard President William Schuman that they were exactly what he wanted for a resident quartet.

The arrangement has worked well. In exchange for some teaching, the school guarantees the musicians a basic income. Every season except their first one, they have made enough from concerts and records to more than match the guarantee. And Juilliard benefits from having them for ensemble courses—to say nothing of the publicity and prestige.



CHICAGO DAILY NEWS

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**CHICAGO DAILY NEWS**

JOHN S. KNIGHT, Publisher

DAILY NEWS PLAZA: CHICAGO

New York, Detroit, Miami Beach, Los Angeles

## No. 1 Antiquer

Antiquing is one of the favorite sports of the nation's rich. Just about the biggest sportsman of all is Wilmington's Henry F. du Pont. Since 1928, Du Pont has spent about \$20 million to fill his 185-room Delaware mansion, "Winterthur," with nothing but the best in U.S. antiques.

Last week Du Pont opened Winterthur as a public museum. Guests found over a hundred of its rooms made into authentic re-creations of American living quarters from 1640 to 1840. Winterthur's indoor bowling alley had become an 18th Century shop lane gleaming with china and pewterware. The badminton court was now a cobbled indoor square with fine old house fronts on three sides, and the brick façade of an inn from Red Lion, Del. on the fourth. Even the elevators were finished in antique American paneling. Among the prize exhibits: a set of silver tankards made by Paul Revere, an 18th Century Philadelphia highboy for which Du Pont paid a reported \$44,000, and paintings by John Copley, Gilbert Stuart, Benjamin West.

Visitors, limited to 20 a day, will pay \$2 each (mainly as a token of their seriousness), and will not be restricted by the usual museum ropes, guard rails and glass covers. To make way for the public, Du Pont is building himself a 30-room "cottage" nearby.

## Portraits by Cranach

The name Lucas Cranach generally calls to mind sexy mythological paintings, ornate altar pieces, and lively woodcuts satirizing the Roman Catholic Church. Cranach's delicate, pregnant-looking nudes are sly as cats, and inhabit gardens painted to look as cozy as quilts. His satiric woodcuts echo the attacks that his friend Martin Luther made on Rome.

Cranach had another string to his bow: as one of Europe's best court painters, he had scores of portrait commissions from the 16th Century princes and princelings of northern Europe. Last week some of those early Protestant noblemen stared from the walls of a Manhattan gallery. Cranach's oil-on-paper portraits were intended merely as notes for more finished paintings, but they are shrewd, thorough notes.

Among the best is Cranach's sketch of Philip, Duke of Pomerania, a picture once attributed (along with several other Cranachs) to Albrecht Dürer, one of history's greatest draftsmen. Cranach dramatized details of character that a candid camera might have caught: the fierce brow, the thoughtful squint, the sad, confident mouth.

## G.I. Giottos

Since World War II, the Army has encouraged any G.I. who felt like it to while away his leisure time with brush and pen. A year ago, the Army announced a worldwide G.I. art competition. In Washington last

## ART

week, judges shuffled through 356 top entries sent in by G.I. Giottos from Germany to the South Pacific, and were "amazed at the quality."

The G.I. canvases and drawings seldom had anything to do with the barracks or battlefield, and they showed little or no interest in abstraction. Most of the artists, ranging from buck privates to a lieutenant general,\* concentrated on pleasantly realistic landscapes of such things as the Swiss Alps and palm-studded Pacific islands.

The first prize for painting (a \$100 defense bond and a painting kit) went to

winners when the Army sends the show on a nationwide tour beginning at the Pentagon in January. They should get their biggest satisfaction out of the first-prize cartoon by Pfc. Robert Miller of Philadelphia. Miller's prizewinner: a series of pumpkin-simple caricatures of the Army face, from private to general, in which the privates clearly come off best. Says Artist Miller: "It expresses kind of the way I feel about the Army."

## Brazil's Cavalcanti

Emiliano Augusto di Cavalcanti Albuquerque de Mello—better known as "Di"—is one of Brazil's best painters. Fourteen of his cheerful, chubby pictures (including the three on the opposite page) are a feature attraction of the most comprehensive show of contemporary art ever staged in Latin America. In the exhibition in São Paulo, which includes 1,700 works from 21 countries, Di has a room to himself.

Di looks and acts rather like a smaller replica of his idol, Diego Rivera. He has the same froggish frame and features, a similar instinct for gregarious, bohemian living. In his pockets, he usually carries a pen, pencils, paintbrushes, adhesive tape, wadded-up notes, neckties, socks, toothpaste and a list of telephone numbers. Thus equipped, he is ready to go anywhere and have a fine time (he once said: "I was born to go traveling around the world on an ostrich, but that could only be done in the 19th Century, when men had imagination and women's arms were round").

He also likes to sit among friends in his cluttered Copacabana apartment and dash off a picture. "My painting," he says serenely, "represents what I've been since I became a man—a mixture of resolution, lyricism, sensualism and festivity." At 54 he paints with bold, broad strokes the things he sees around him. He roughhews his compositions, using an elementary and therefore easy-to-take sort of cubism. His colors are too garish to glow, his figures almost too heavy to breathe, but they please a good many people.

Di's father, an army general, first sent him to a military academy, then to law school, but gave up trying when the youth ran off with an Italian dancer. While learning to paint, Di worked as a railroad-tie inspector, newspaperman, dress designer and actor. He spent ten years in Europe, studying and largely rejecting its modern painting styles.

European art strikes him as being too precious. "Here," he thinks, "we should create a more human art . . . A painter should paint for the million and not for a predetermined sect or level." Perhaps because he paints "for the million," Di has been accused of being a Communist. He denies it: "Political creeds stand between the artist and that which he wants to interpret. It is sufficient to be human."



CALLE'S "SAD-EYED LITTLE GIRL"  
Privates come off best.

Private Paul Calle, 23, a onetime commercial artist of Manhattan, for his somber study of a little girl in a tenement doorway. Private Calle painted it "because I was confused when I first went into the service," and the painting, drawn from memories of a Lower East Side childhood, "expressed my feeling of confusion."

G.I.s have a chance to see the

\* Who submitted a street scene which the judges passed over without comment.



DI CAVALCANTI'S "PORT OF CABO FRIO"



"STILL LIFE"

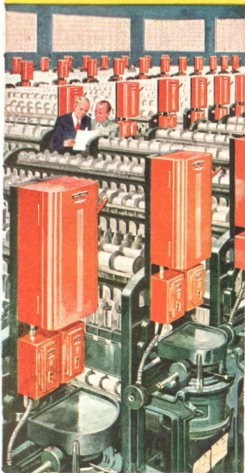


"WOMAN & DOG"

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Not only widespread today but growing rapidly throughout Industry is the practice of standardizing on one make of motor control. Among the advantages for any factory are: uniform machine response and protection, escape from the confusion that wastes time and causes costly errors, adequate reserve and parts stocks with the very minimum in storage space and investment.

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## RADIO & TV

### Sportcast of the Week

In Manhattan, broadcasting the Army-Southern California football game during a flurry of snow and rain squalls, Announcer Ted Husing reported: "The weather conditions here in the Yankee Stadium are . . . [pause] . . . in favor of either team."

### Television Theater

Television this year will put on more plays, hire more actors and spend more money on drama than all the producers and backers of Broadway.

TV's ten top dramatic shows are now investing a total of \$300,000 a week. *Celanese Theater* flew Actress Pamela Brown from London to New York for a single



PAMELA BROWN  
Bigger than Broadway.

Talbot-Giles

performance in *Susan and God*. *Robert Montgomery Presents* plunked down \$10,000 for one use of the TV stage set of *Victoria Regina*; the *Playhouse of Stars* cheerfully handed Helen Hayes \$5,000 for 60 minutes' work in a trifling comedy called *Not a Chance*.

What are the advertisers (and their customers) getting in return? TV drama is so big and ravenous that it is already running out of material. Newcomers find that almost everything available has already been done by such veterans as *Kraft TV Theater*, which last week put on its 234th play. Many plays belong to Hollywood; others require involved copyright negotiations with estates, literary agents and assorted claimants. Some shows can be presented on live TV, but not on film or kinescope. Some were written by authors like Bernard Shaw who, to TVmen's dismay, frowned on any cutting, editing or tampering with their lines.

As one happy result of the script short-



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American Wine Co., St. Louis, Mo.

age, desperate TVmen have dipped gingerly into the classics and come up with productions of Ibsen and Rostand, Pirandello, Chekhov and Shakespeare. *Studio One* pioneered with adaptations of Turgenev's *Smoke*, Henry James's *The Ambassadors*, Sholom Ansky's *The Dybbuk*, and has also done a modern-dress *Julius Caesar* and a Grand Guignol version of *Macbeth*. Other shows dramatize news stories, historical anecdotes, biographies.

But for all their pains, television producers are still far from mastering their medium. TV drama varies enormously in quality from week to week. And for mysterious reasons of network policy, the major drama shows are bunched together. There are three on Monday nights, four on Tuesdays and none on Thursdays and Saturdays. Some of the best appear on different networks at the same time.

But the future of TV drama seems limitless. This week, in his fourth annual TV survey, California's Gordon Levey announced that sponsors, TVmen and advertising agencies, given a choice of 14 different types of programs, voted overwhelmingly in favor of live dramatic shows.

### Coming of Age

During September, for the first time, TV made more money than radio. The advertising revenue, as compiled by *Variety*: \$11,920,000 for the major TV networks; \$11,861,000 for radio.

### The New Shows

*Crusade in the Pacific* (appearing locally in 53 cities) crowds a broad canvas with vivid and exciting detail. More ambitious than its TV companion piece, *Crusade in Europe*, the new *MARCH OF TIME* series sets out to tell the history of the Pacific world from 1931 to the present day. It deals with the awakening continent of Asia and the fighting in Korea as well as with Japan's meteoric rise & fall. Included in the welter of history are such memorable vignettes as the chaos of Pearl Harbor, the raising of the U.S. flag on the summit of Iwo Jima, the cloud of smoke & fire above Hiroshima. To keep abreast of the news, MOT will not shoot until the last minute some of the footage for the last of the 26 installments.

*Sound-Off Time* (Sun, 7 p.m., NBC-TV) alternates three comics (Bob Hope, Jerry Lester, Fred Allen) and one dramatic show (*Dragnet*) each month. So far, Hope has been noisily funny; Lester, noisily unfunny; and Fred Allen still baffled by the new medium. Allen made his usual acid jokes about admen and television, presided over three skits that didn't quite come off, gloomily croaked a singing commercial for Sponsor Chesterfield, but was unable to approach the comedy highs he reached on radio.

*Will Rogers* (Tues. & Thurs., 5:55 p.m., ABC) is a five-minute, recorded echo of the homespun comic who died in 1935. The opening show, timed to the new tax rise, featured Rogers on taxes. Sample: "There's no income tax in Russia—but there's no income, either."

*World News* (weekdays, 7 p.m., ABC-



"Absolutely wonderful  
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TIME, NOVEMBER 12, 1951

TV) has one considerable asset in Newsman John Daly. The newsreel clips and illustrated charts are better-timed and briefer than on most TV news shows, and the commercials, for Sponsor Pontiac, make only one interruption in the middle of the newscast.

**I Love Lucy** (Mon. 9 p.m., CBS-TV) is a triumph of bounce over bumbling



LUCILLE BALL & DESI ARNAZ  
Bounce over bumble.

material. Comedienne Lucille Ball romps engagingly through a series of vaudeville routines, gets adequate assistance from her husband, Desi Arnaz, and raucous support from veteran Actors William Frawley and Vivian Vance.

### Program Preview

For the week starting Friday, Nov. 9.  
Times are E.S.T., subject to change.

#### RADIO

**Game of the Week** (Sat. 1:45 p.m., Mutual). Football: Notre Dame v. Michigan State.

**NBC Symphony** (Sat. 6:30 p.m., NBC). Toscanini conducting music of Prokofiev, Raff, Beethoven.

**Theatre Guild on the Air** (Sun. 8:30 p.m., NBC). *Age of Innocence*, with Claudette Colbert, MacDonald Carey.

**Lightweight Championship** (Wed. 10 p.m., CBS & CBS-TV). Jimmy Carter v. Art Aragon; from Los Angeles.

#### TELEVISION

**Football** (Sat. 1:45 p.m., NBC). Michigan State v. Notre Dame (East). Navy v. Maryland (West).

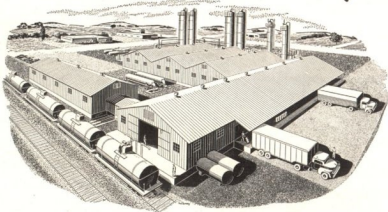
**Assembly VI** (Sat. 7 p.m., NBC). Weekly film report of U.N. meeting in Paris.

**All Star Revue** (Sat. 8 p.m., NBC). Ed Wynn and guests: Bob Hope, Dorothy Lamour, Buster Keaton.

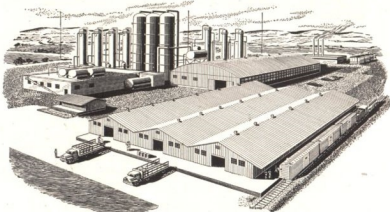
**Celanese Theater** (Wed. 10 p.m., ABC). *Old Acquaintance*, with Ruth Chatterton, Edna Best.

TIME, NOVEMBER 12, 1951

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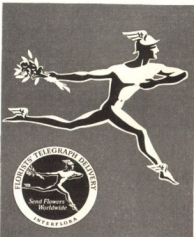
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## Which messenger made more deliveries?

These flower-bearing messengers were seen in identical ads of the Florists' Telegraph Delivery Association.

But one made more deliveries—the one that appeared in Parade.



Four successive FTDA ads delivered 26% more readers per dollar in Parade than the same ads in any other magazine used.

Surprising? No, Parade led in readers per dollar in 578 of all 588 identical ads seen in weekly and women's service magazines in the last 3 years.



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## EDUCATION

### If Your Child Is Deaf

Last September five-year-old Gary Lamb knew only two words. Now he has a vocabulary of 30. His nursery school playmate, three-year-old Johnny Henry, now uses ten words; before he could only say one. This week Johnny, Gary and eight other small children, all of them deaf from birth, moved into their new nursery school, a five-room frame bungalow in Phoenix, Ariz. With them went one professional speech teacher and ten enthusiastic amateurs, the children's mothers.

The Phoenix clinic was organized last March by Mrs. Herman Thornton, a lively young brunette who has one deaf child herself. Ten sets of parents answered her invitation, but only one teacher, Mrs.

girl, has her baby brother practicing "p" by blowing against a paper.

As results began to show, the old despairing mood of the parents has changed. Says Mrs. Covey: "There is nothing more thrilling than to see these parents take hold. When they find out what they can do and have [others] to work with, they are different people."

### How Do the Teachers Learn?

In less than two years the Ford Foundation has given \$10 million to U.S. schools and colleges—mostly in fellowships and research grants. Last week its directors settled on a more revolutionary project—a system of teaching internships, to replace the old-style teachers' college. If it works, the Ford plan may change



TEACHER COVEY & PUPILS  
Poetry could wait.

moshek & ziegler

Grace Covey, a motherly looking woman in her 50s who had come to Phoenix to rest and write poetry. It was a familiar problem in speech instruction: too many deaf children and not enough professional teachers to tutor them individually.

To solve it, Mrs. Covey put off her versifying and began intensive training courses for the parents. In an eight-week trial session last spring, she set up instruction classes for the mothers three days a week, and gave homework assignments to the fathers. On Sept. 1, the school started regular classes in a borrowed building. The mothers took turns conducting the play activities and the classes, backed up by Mrs. Covey's early morning instruction periods. The clinic's teaching methods (visual aids, constant repetition of sounds, the vibrations of a piano) have been copied by the children themselves. One little boy taught his sister, who has normal hearing, to make the sound "oo" by demonstrating it. Another clinic pupil, a

U.S. teacher training as much as the hospital internship program transformed medical education a generation ago.

Co-authors of the plan are the Ford Foundation's Dr. Alvin C. Eurich, former president of the State University of New York, and Rutgers President Lewis Webster Jones, until last month head of the University of Arkansas. Their program will substitute a four-year general college course for the rag-bag collection of teachers' college curricula now in use. Students who plan to teach will learn their pedagogy after graduation, in one year of on-the-job study, at selected teachers' training centers. Only after their year of paid internship—working with pupils under the direction of "master teachers"—will they get teaching certificates.

Explains Dr. Jones: "A great many educators have felt for a long time that emphasis on teaching techniques has gotten out of hand in this country. Undergraduates who plan to enter the teaching



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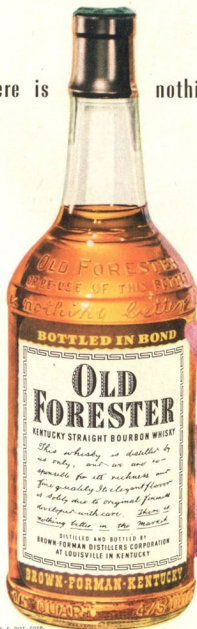
There is nothing better in a highball...



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Let this finest of Kentucky bonded bourbons  
make your favorite drinks more delicious than ever!  
Tonight, serve and enjoy famous Old Forester—  
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profession have been spending an increasing amount of their time on the sort of subjects that are facetiously referred to as 'blackboard engineering.' . . . In some cases they spent more time studying teaching methods than they did studying the subject they would be called upon to teach."

Next September, Arkansas' two state teachers' colleges, aided by Ford money, plan to start their conversion to four-year general college courses. Private colleges in the state, if they fall in with the plan, will get the same help. The change-over will take a good ten years to complete, and it will be at least 1962 before the last traces of blackboard engineering are erased from Arkansas' school system.



Historical Pictures  
CAESAR (CROSSING THE RUBICON)  
The price of dullness: neglect.

### Was Caesar a Crook?

Generations of boredom with the Latin and Greek classics have resulted in their virtual disappearance from the U.S. curriculum. Gilbert Highet, Anthon professor of Latin at Columbia University and a popular author (*The Classical Tradition, The Art of Teaching*) as well as a classical scholar, thinks that dull and stylized teaching is responsible for the students' indifference. This week, talking to the New York Classical Club, Highet explained his criticism. Teaching classics as "perfect books by perfect men," he said, "[will] make them inhuman and impossible for the young."

Julius Caesar's *Commentaries*, the primer of classical scholarship, said Highet, is a case in point. "I happen to think that Caesar is a crook and a traitor." The reason I think so is that he trained a personal

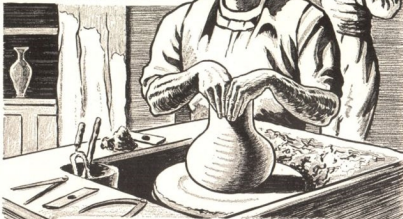
\* Caesar's contemporaries often used even stronger language. In *I, Claudius*, Author Robert Graves reproduces the mood, if not the exact language of a song Caesar's legions sang returning from Gaul: "Home we bring the bald whore-monger; / Romans, lock your wives away."

## AMAZING ASBESTOS!

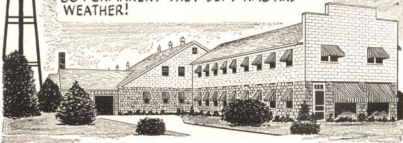
by KEASBEY & MATTISON

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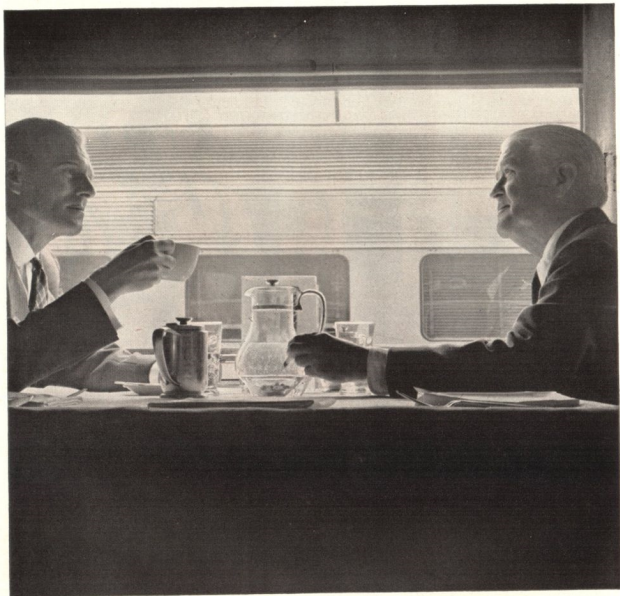
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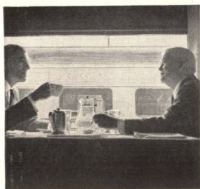
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army in order to assassinate democracy in his own country. His book is full of evasions and alterations of facts. It's really a propaganda document, but most students are given the impression that Caesar was merely setting down the facts."

Cicero could be considered "a conniving lawyer" as well as a great statesman: "Many of his works represent professional law at its very highest. But it's rather unfair to ask a professional lawyer to present the whole truth and nothing but the truth, because that isn't what he is supposed to do..." Homer suffers equally from misrepresentation. "He's really very witty," said Hightet, "but has he been taught that way? He's always presented straight-faced."

Concluded Hightet: "I want us to teach that even these 'classic' men were subject to human conflicts and pressures. I don't want to debunk them... I don't believe in the late-20s school of showing Jefferson as a bungling dilettante, or Washington as an ignorant country squire. That's all nonsense. These were all great men, greater than you or I. But I want to keep them from being statues. That's what they've become from bad teaching."

### Orthodox Superstition

There are not many U.S. economists with a doctor's degree in Biblical archeology. Dr. George Hedley, 52, is one of the few. As Professor of Sociology and Economics at California's Mills College (for women), Economist Hedley has explained Adam Smith to eleven classes of Mills girls. As college chaplain, Methodist Hedley packs Sunday services with his wise and scholarly preaching. But he is impatient with student intellectuals, left or right, who respect his secular scholarship while looking down on his religious beliefs. Last week, in a book called *Superstitions of the Irreligious* (Macmillan; \$2.50), he chuckled a few stones at his irreligious friends' "glass houses of pre-conception and prejudice."

**The Proudly Impious.** Hedley has a neat answer for Superstition No. 1: "that the content and emphasis of religious thought undergo no change." Says Dr. Hedley, who believes man's knowledge of God can expand as much as his knowledge of science: "The proudly impious yet persist in judging all religion by their own childhood memories... Perhaps it is well that [they] did not meet Albert Einstein until they got into Upper Division courses, John Dewey until they entered Teachers' College; or, on as good grounds as they can show for religion, they might have declared physics and philosophy unworthy of their notice..."

To Superstition No. 2—the popular neglect of Western culture's Christian basis—he answers: "Public education... in trying to be non-sectarian, quickly became non-Christian, and so in total impact often anti-religious... The thinking of the Christian philosophers, being commonly uncredited to them, is diffused into general overtones, and so is neither rightly appreciated nor soundly criticized... It is as if the chemist were forbidden to



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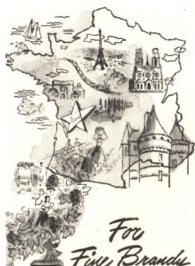
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include in his course outline any reference to the salts, or the botanist were required to be completely silent about conifers . . ."

**The Free Soul.** Point by point, Hedley ticks off some other superstitions of the irreligious: that religious ideals are impractical, that religion is an escape mechanism, that religion is necessarily at odds with fact and reason. His reply: "To say that we believe in God is something neither based on scientific evidence nor contrary to it . . . The realm of religious faith is the realm of values."

He heaves his heaviest boulders at the old argument that Christian moral values can be maintained by the individual outside of any organized religion. "The experience of worship is something different in community from what it is in solitude . . . To say that one adheres to

Christian values, and then to refuse to have any share in the institution that has preserved those values, and that today is struggling to make them ever more real among men, is hypocrisy indeed . . . We shall always need the free soul, the adventurer . . . his flashes of personal inspiration. But the greater the service he renders, the surer it is that an institution will have to assume the task of cherishing his insights and advancing his enthusiasms."

Concludes Author Hedley: "The great majority of the self-consciously irreligious . . . are devout seekers of truth, so long as it is not called 'religion.' They are loyal defenders of value, most of whose sources they have forgotten or ignore . . . How sad it is, then, that . . . superstition has them so firmly in its grip."

## MILESTONES

**Born.** To Philip Herman Willkie, 31, rising Republican politician and son of the late presidential candidate, and Rosalie Heffelfinger Willkie, 23, former Minneapolis socialite; their first child, a son, in Indianapolis. Name: Jerrell H. Weight: 6 lbs. 12 oz.

**Born.** To Yehudi Menuhin, 35, onetime child prodigy who grew up to become one of the leading American-born violinists, and Diana Gould Menuhin, 38, his second wife, former British ballet dancer; their second child (his fourth), a son, in San Francisco. Name: Jeremy Louis Eugene. Weight: 8 lbs. 6 oz.

**Married.** Jean Dalrymple, 41, Broadway pressagent turned producer (*Sartre's Red Gloves*); and Colonel Philip DeWitt Ginder, 46, commander of the U.S. 6th Regiment in Berlin, whom she met at a cocktail party on a visit there two months ago; both for the second time (her first husband was Ward Morehouse, Manhattan drama columnist); in Danbury, Conn. Matron of honor: Neighbor Gladys Swarthout.

**Died.** Tom Berry, 72, South Dakota's Democratic "cowboy governor" (1933-37); of a heart attack; in Rapid City, S. Dak. Berry went into the cattle business in his teens, built up a 30,000-acre ranch before going to the state legislature, which he called "The Follies of 1925" and regaled with tall ranch tales. One of the last of the costumed, showman politicians, he shaded his cat eyes and weatherbeaten face under a white sombrero, was considered a dead-ringer for Will Rogers by Rogers himself. To become governor, he "hung on to Roosevelt's coattails and rode like hell." He once astonished a Washington redcap by demanding: "Hell, boy, where's the watering hole?" When President Roosevelt wanted him to nominate for a Washington job a citizen of South Dakota who was qualified both as a banker and a lawyer, Berry wired back that he didn't know anyone "that crooked." But when he

strode in to visit his successor, he cried: "Don't jump, I just came to see if everything is still here."

**Died.** Christian Gauss, 73, author, teacher and scholar, who as a wise and witty dean (1925-45) and professor of languages and literature (1905-45) helped bring up three generations of Princeton men; of a heart attack; in Pennsylvania Station, Manhattan. At 20, he left his native Michigan for a fling in Paris as an aspiring poet, soon returned home to teach, was brought to Princeton by President Woodrow Wilson in 1905 as one of the university's first group of preceptors. A devoted student of the classics and a student of the noisy world outside the college gates, he never gave up the fight against excessive nationalism, "money madness" and snobbery, every attempt to muzzle civil liberties and academic freedom. As Princeton's chief disciplinarian for two decades, he commanded the respect and affection of thousands of erring undergraduates by a combination of strict fairness and good-humored understanding, was once epitomized in the "Faculty Song" of Princeton's senior class:

*Here's to Gauss  
Called Chris-ti-an,  
A most encyclopedic man.*

**Died.** Martha Bernays Freud, 90, widow of the great Viennese psychiatrist; in London. Daughter of a Hamburg merchant, "Frau Professor" was an efficient, workaday wife, provided an orderly household, bore six children (including psychoanalyst Anna Freud), subordinated her whole life to the professor, who admitted she was not "at ease" with him, or with his work, which she never entirely understood. In World War I, she traded her needlework for *Trabucco*, the scarce cigars which Freud consumed at the rate of 20 a day. In 1938, to escape Nazi anti-Semitism, the family left Vienna for London, where, the following year, Freud died of cancer.

TIME, NOVEMBER 12, 1951

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## RELIGION

### The Friends

The Society of Friends is not numerous: there are only 115,000 Quakers in the U.S. and they are not gaining much. But a sign of Quaker vitality came to light at the Friends' Philadelphia General Meeting last week: 100 new Quaker meetings have been organized during the past 14 years.

Two states now have more meetings than Quaker-founded Pennsylvania. The figures: Indiana, 153; Ohio, 111; Pennsylvania, 97.

### Heroism v. Sex

The morality of sex has never been simple—but the Catholic rule about sex has always been definite. Modern developments in contraception, surgery, psychology and artificial insemination have never



PIUS XII

Meldolesi

Rhythm: for "grievous reasons" only.

changed that rule. Last week, in a 9,000-word speech to the Italian Catholic Union of Midwives, Pope Pius XII freshened up the signposts along the Roman Catholic road. His main points:

¶ Any interference with the normal processes of conception and birth, whether by contraceptives or abortion, is forbidden to Catholics.

¶ If doctors and nurses have to choose between mother & child, they must remember that "it is illicit for the sake of saving a mother's life to sacrifice the life of her offspring."

¶ The "ever more practiced" method of birth control popularly called "rhythm" (limiting intercourse to woman's periods of infertility) is permissible only "for grievous reasons," e.g., medical reasons. Rhythm is not permissible if the motive is simply "to satisfy sensuality" and "avoid the fecundity of union."

¶ "God compels a married couple to absti-

nence if their union cannot be carried out naturally . . . Do not let yourself be confused when they talk to you of the impossibility of abstinence . . . It is not wrong to expect heroism from the men & women of our times."

### Oursler's Old Testament

The religious tales of Fulton Oursler might have been popular with children a generation or two ago. It is a commentary on the times that his latest volume, a breezy popularization of the Old Testament entitled *The Greatest Book Ever Written* (Doubleday; \$3.95) will probably be a hit with grownups.

Author Oursler, 58, a *Reader's Digest* editor and onetime newspaperman, knows from experience what people want to hear about, and how they want to hear it. His rewrite of the New Testament, *The Greatest Story Ever Told*, has sold nearly 1,500,000 copies and is still going strong.

In turning his attention to the Old Testament, say his publishers, Oursler "attempts no rationalization or modernization of the original text . . . nor does he supplement the narrative with his own explanations or interpretations." But the technicolor in which his prophets, priests and kings appear is a bit of an interpretation in itself. Excerpts:

"Adam opened his eyes and looked into the face of his Maker . . . In that unique moment when 'man became a living soul,' Adam could feel no fear. There was welcome for him in the Creator's steady gaze.

"God, compassionately watching his newly created man in the garden, said to Himself: 'It is not good that man should be alone' . . . Once again God dreamed the Creator's dream, making a new wonder for His creature.

"A weakness stole through the thighs of Adam, unmaning him so that, to his own astonishment, he sank down into the cool grass and leaned his back against a boulder of grey granite . . . Now the first patient in the world was fully under the initial anesthesia, ready for the original surgery." When he came to, there stood Eve, "on small, bare feet in the cool grass."

### Lawyer into Dean

At 30, James A. Pike was a rising young attorney for the Securities & Exchange Commission. That was eight years ago. Last week he was appointed Dean of Manhattan's Episcopal Cathedral of St. John the Divine.

Jim Pike was born a Roman Catholic. But after two years at the Jesuit University of Santa Clara in California, he left both his faith and his college and set out to be a good agnostic lawyer. He graduated from the University of Southern California Law School, and in 1938 earned a J.S.D. at Yale, then went to Washington. About that time, he found his agnosticism wearing a bit thin and he joined the Episcopal Church.

Soon he decided that a legal career had its limitations, too. Under the canons of



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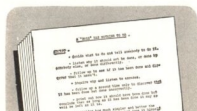
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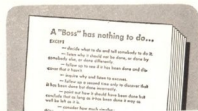
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Leon Hacht—Religious News Service  
THE REV. JAMES A. PIKE  
On the growing edge.

Washington Cathedral, Pike began studying for the ministry. He was ordained a deacon in 1944; two years later he became a priest. For the last two years, he has been Episcopal chaplain at Columbia University. Pike's main job there: building up the almost nonexistent religion department. In two years, he and Religion Professor Ursula (Mrs. Reinhold) Niebuhr of Barnard College have established a joint Columbia-Barnard religion curriculum of 38 courses and 200 students.

As Dean of St. John's, busy Dr. Pike explains that his job will be "to help the cathedral be what cathedrals were in the days of their foundation, a central missionary enterprise of the diocese—the growing edge of the church—speaking to the contemporary mind outside the church, to the fringe of doubters and seekers." Dean Pike will preach most Sunday sermons. Says he: "I'm a little overwhelmed by the job."

### Citizen of Atlanta

In addition to one of the fullest preaching schedules in Georgia, Methodist Charles Allen writes a Sunday column for the *Atlanta Journal-Constitution*. Were people really reading him? He found out when he remarked in his column that he had some nice color reproductions, billfold size, of a picture of Christ, and would send one to anybody who wrote in. Last week—a month later—letters were still pouring in, 10,035 so far, asking for nearly 65,000 copies of the picture.

Thirty-eight-year-old Pastor Allen was honestly surprised, but some of his parishioners were not. They are used to things happening in a large way around their minister.

The son of a Methodist circuit preacher, Allen himself took a North Georgia circuit after divinity school (Emory). His call to Atlanta's Grace Church came only three years ago. The parish, crowded by the

growing business district, seemed to be losing ground. Active membership was about 300, the annual budget \$19,000. In three years, Grace Church has added 1,242 new members and raised its budget to \$100,000—currently oversubscribed. Each Sunday, extra chairs have to be crammed into the aisles and corridors to accommodate the crowds.

This success story is not the result of after-ringing oratory. Preacher Allen speaks simply, seldom raises his voice, and uses few gestures. He emphasizes Christian daily living and prayer; instead of preaching hellfire & damnation, he is inclined to say simply: "You'll be happier if you live this way." Explains Allen: "We never do anything sensational. My idea is never to do anything at one service you can't do at the next. Sensation-making is like taking dope—you can't quit."

But, in his quiet way, Charles Allen preaches as much done for the glory of God as a platoon of pulpit-pounders. He averages ten sermons a week (his Sunday-evening services draw Atlantans of all denominations). In addition to his newspaper column, he conducts a Sunday-afternoon radio broadcast, edits a monthly magazine for ministers (*Pulpit Preaching*, circ. 3,000). At least twice a month he preaches a five-day revival in some Southern town; almost every day he speaks before some club or civic group. And his telephone rings. Twenty-five to 30 times a day, his phone brings calls from people who want help—often total strangers. Drunks, he finds, are "especially repentant about 2 o'clock in the morning."

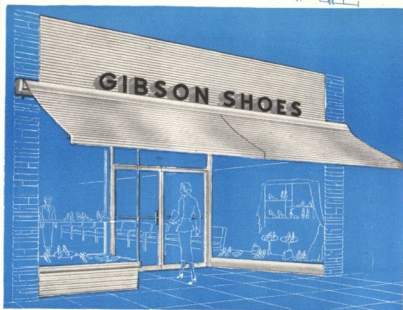
In a short time, Pastor Allen has become one of Atlanta's leading citizens: when he was in the hospital last summer, newspapers carried daily reports of his condition. The publicity has not taken his mind off what he is trying to do. "I try to study people and to study the Gospel, and apply one to the other."



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# BUSINESS & FINANCE

## PRICES

### "Beat the Tax"

It looked like the biggest binge since Repeal. All over the nation last week, thousands of customers rushed to liquor stores to stock up as fast as their pocket-books would allow. The reason for the buying spree was summed up by the ads: "Beat the tax!" In San Francisco, Weinstein's retail chain reported sales ten times its normal October business and far above even the best Christmas season. In Chicago, Marco's liquor store doubled its sales staff. In Manhattan, dealers refused to take telephone orders, stayed open far into the night.

Not only liquor had gone up. With the

## STEEL

### Out of the Crucible

(See Cover)

*Pittsburgh, Youngstown, Gary—they make their steel with men.*

*In the blood of men and the ink of chimneys*

*The smoke nights write their oaths:*

*Smoke into steel and blood into steel;*

*Homestead, Braddock, Birmingham,*

*they make their steel with men.*

—Carl Sandburg

Among the men who made steel in Pittsburgh, the strongest of all was "Hunkie" Joe Magarac. He was born in an ore mine and grew 7 ft. tall. He could gulp a gallon

may depend upon the question: How much steel can the U.S. produce?

The clangorous plants, plumed with smoke by day and reddened with fire by night, are working round the clock. But still there is far from enough steel to give everyone all he wants. What are steelmen doing to supply it?

They are expanding—almost twice as fast as during World War II. The expansion will cost at least \$6 billion. Even Washington bureaucrats, often critical of the industry's monolithic stubbornness in the past, concede that steelmakers cannot expand any faster without crippling civilian and defense production. And no one has set a higher target than the steelmakers' own Joe Magarac: the \$2,829,000,000 U.S. Steel Corp., sired by J. P. Morgan the Elder, weaned by Judge Elbert Gary, and now, in its maturity, presided over by a miner's son from Pigeon Run, Ohio, named Benjamin Franklin Fairless.

**From the Spinach Fields.** On a six-mile peninsula in the Delaware River, a mile below Trenton, the largest steelworks ever built at one time is rising in the rural countryside. It is Big Steel's new Fairless Works. It will cost \$400 million. Giant earthmovers are clawing across 3,800 acres of bean fields and tomato patches; 6,000 construction workers are laying 20 miles of paved roads and 75 miles of railroad. Huge shovels scoop out the river basin to dock ore ships that will come from Venezuela.

Near by rise the skeletons of two blast-furnaces which will smelt the ore into iron, and the chimneys of nine open-hearth furnaces where the iron will be turned into molten steel, spilled into a giant ladle and poured into ingots. Beyond are the "soaking pits," huge ovens where the ingots will be kept red hot while they wait their turn in the mills, where tremendous rollers will press the glowing ingots into slabs.

In a former spinach field, long grey sheds are building: there the slabs will be rolled continuously thinner, into plates for tanks and cruisers, sheets for autos and refrigerators, wafer-thin tinplate for cans, sped out at 60 miles an hour.

Near by, Pennsylvania's peaceful Bucks County countryside is beginning to bloom with new towns to house 25,000 new workers: a new 16,000-home Levittown, and the smaller, more expensive 4,000-house Fairless Hills. By January, less than eleven months after ground was broken, the Fairless Works will roll its first steel. When the whole complex plant is completed, a year later, the Fairless Works will boost Big Steel's 34-million-ton yearly capacity by a whopping 1,800,000 tons, enough to make 900,000 autos—or 45,000 more tanks—a year.

**From the Union.** But amid the cheerful clatter and roar of expansion last week was an ominous note: the threat of a possible steel strike. Next week the C.I.O.'s 961,000 steelworkers, led by ailing Phil Murray, will formulate their wage de-



U.S. STEEL'S BIG THREE: FAIRLESS, OLDS & VOORHEES  
By 1953, enough for everybody.

Lofman-Pix

new excise taxes, cigarettes jumped a penny a pack, gasoline  $\frac{1}{4}$ ¢ a gallon, autos anywhere from \$30 to \$105. Because of a quirk in the tax law, the actual price rises in many cases were far higher than the new taxes themselves.

The quirk is an amendment of Florida's Democratic Representative Albert S. Herlong, which stipulates that merchants be allowed their usual percentage markups. Thus, in cases where taxes have traditionally been considered part of the cost of a product (e.g., liquor, sporting goods, electric appliances), the wholesale and retail markups are still figured on top of the new excise taxes. The actual tax boost on a fifth of blended whisky, for example, is 26¢, but the new retail price of some brands is up as much as 40¢. A refrigerator that retailed for \$175 before the tax would now rise \$17.50 to the actual tax boost: \$10. By the same token, a former \$2 can of tennis balls now costs \$2.35. Actual tax increase: 6¢.

of prunejack in a single swig, hoist an 850-lb. steel dolly like a paperweight and twist it like a pretzel. One day, when Magarac took off his shirt, fellow workers discovered the source of his strength: Joe was made of steel.

Like legendary Joe Magarac, the U.S. finds the source of its strength in steel. The average American is awakened every morning by a steel alarm clock, hops out of a steel-sprung bed, shaves himself with a steel blade, has breakfast cooked on a steel range, rides to work in a steel bus or car, works in a building whose entire skeleton is steel. Virtually every U.S. product is made of steel or from steel machinery, and 40% of all U.S. jobs depend upon steel and its users. Steel is the foundation of all U.S. military power, real and in the making. In this age of mechanized warfare, it is no longer the biggest number of troops that determines victory; it is, in the final analysis, the biggest number of blast furnaces. Thus, the fate of the U.S.



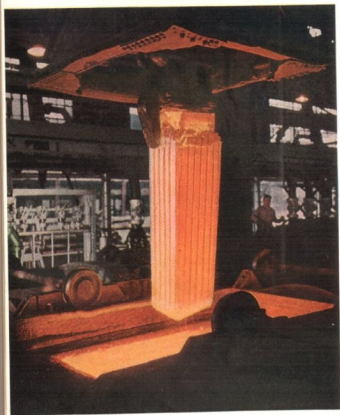
BIG STEEL's Homestead plant, company's second biggest, produces 93,500 tons a week. Here molten steel pours into ingot molds.

Scott—d'Araoz

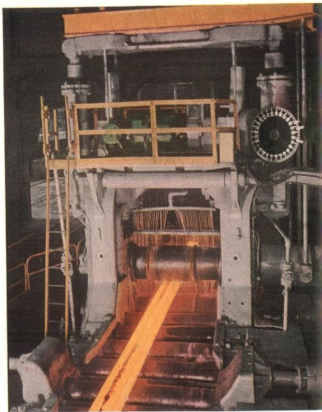


Frank Lerner

SYMBOL OF ROARING PITTSBURGH, Jones & Laughlin mill will boost annual output 36% to 3,337,000 tons with eleven new open-hearth furnaces.



Hot Ingot is lifted from soaking pit at Bethlehem plant . . .



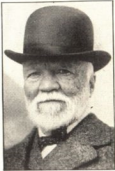
. . . AND BLOOMING MILL rolls strips for No. 2 U.S. steelmaker.



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SCHWAB



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Culver, Underwood &amp; Underwood, International

"If Andy is willing, go and find out his price."

mands. For the rearming U.S., as Defense Boss Charles Wilson warned, an industry-wide strike is "unthinkable." But the prospects of a quick and amiable settlement are not reassuring.

In Birmingham last week, a minor dispute led to a walkout by 26,000 workers, which closed down Big Steel's Tennessee Coal, Iron and Railroad Co., the South's biggest steel producer (daily loss: 9,000 tons). Even a steel settlement might have serious consequences for the U.S. economy. If the steelworkers get a sizable raise, it will crack the stabilization program wide open, not only on wages but on prices. Said Charlie Wilson: "If steel wages go up, steel prices will go up also as sure as night follows day." Up with steel prices will go the prices of everything made of steel. Never was the old saying truer: "As steel goes, so goes the nation."

**The Empire.** Big Steel is both progenitor and offspring of the American industrial genius. Without its rails, nails, rivets and girders, the U.S. productive machine could not have grown. Without that growth, Big Steel itself might have foundered in its own watered stock after the company was created by Banker Morgan at the turn of the century.

U.S. Steel is now so big that it has no close domestic rival; it produces 32% of the nation's steel, more steel than Russia, or Britain and West Germany together. It is much more than a steelmaker. It plies the oceans with 45 freighters (Isthmian Steamship), the Great Lakes with 62 ore carriers (Pittsburgh Steamship), owns four railroads with 1,266 miles of track, builds houses (Gunnison), makes oilfield equipment (Oil Well Supply Co.), and is the second biggest coal digger in the U.S. Its Universal Atlas is the biggest U.S. cement company.

**The Empire Builders.** Banker Morgan, an orderly man, regarded price-cutting and dog-eat-dog competition as anarchic. He believed in "rationalizing" competition by mergers. Having rationalized railroads, he had gone a long way toward rationalizing steel before he conceived his master plan. He had merged two steel plants, an ore company and a railroad into the Federal Steel Co., with Illinois' Judge Elbert H. Gary at the helm, and merged 19 steel-fabricating plants into National Tube. Yet the whole steel industry was still domi-

nated by Pittsburgh's sturdy Scottish rebel, Andrew Carnegie, who in 1900 turned out almost half of the nation's annual 10 million tons.

From young Charlie Schwab, Carnegie's right-hand man, Morgan learned that Carnegie, anxious to retire and devote his life to giving away his millions, might be in a mood to sell. "If Andy is willing," said Morgan, "go and find out his price." Soon Schwab came back with a slip on which Carnegie had scribbled the figure: \$400 million. Merely glancing at it, Morgan said: "I accept." On Feb. 25, 1901, Morgan assembled Carnegie Steel and all the other companies into U.S. Steel—and floated \$1,400,000,000 in capital, half of it in common stock. As newspapers observed at the time, the common had no visible assets behind it: it was almost pure water.

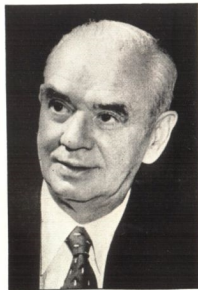
Big Steel grew up to match Morgan's grandiose dreams. For 26 years its czar was pious Judge Gary, a teetotaler who ran it like a Sunday school, and who, in the words of one bitter critic, "never saw a blast furnace till after he died." At his annual "Gary dinners," he set the prices for the entire industry. Later he established

uniform prices by his Pittsburgh Plus and basing point systems, both now outlawed.\* He also fought and licked the Government trustbusters who sought to break up the Steel Trust. He won primarily because in the growing U.S., newcomers were able to grow, along with Big Steel, until Big Steel's share of the total market dwindled from 65% in 1901 to 33% at the time of Gary's death in 1927.

**Tradition Smasher.** Gary had not only let the empire shrink; its plants had grown antiquated. To scurf the rust, the House of Morgan brought in Lawyer Myron C. Taylor, who had made \$20 million, while still a young man, by putting rickety textile firms back on their feet. Taylor paid off \$340 million of Big Steel's bonded debt just before the 1929 crash, thus enabling it to live through the depression, when—for the first time—it lost money. Taylor modernized equipment and, more importantly, changed Big Steel's labor relations.

For more than 30 years, blackjacks, black lists, and the coal & iron police had kept unions out of Big Steel, while labor leaders reviled the steelmakers and cartoonists made them the arch-symbol of all fat-cat capitalists. Taylor astounded the industry, and his own plant managers, by signing up with the fledgling C.I.O., the first steelmaker to do so. He broke the line, in the bitter words of Republic Steel's President Charlie White, "in return for a promise [from Franklin Roosevelt] of an appointment to the Court of St. James's. Instead, he got that job at the Vatican."† By 1938, Taylor was ready to turn the operating job over to a younger captain. He picked Ben Fairless, then 47, and boss of Big Steel's top subsidiary, Carnegie-Illinois.

**Manager's Manager.** Fairless has neither the creative genius of a Carnegie nor the empire-building drive of a Morgan. Yet under his administration, the empire has expanded more than in any comparable period of time. Capacity has already increased 17% (to 34,000,000 tons), and another 5.3% increase is on the way. Ac-



Acme

C.I.O. BOSS MURRAY

Amid cheerful clutter, an ominous note.

\* Under the "Pittsburgh Plus" system, a buyer of steel in Birmingham had to pay the freight from Pittsburgh even though the steel was made next door. Its effect was to preserve Pittsburgh's competitive advantage.

† For more comment on the current controversy over "that Vatican job," see NATIONAL AFFAIRS.

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New Issue

October 31, 1951

1,716,500 Shares

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The several Underwriters have agreed, subject to certain conditions, to purchase any unsubscribed shares and, both during and following the subscription period, may offer shares of Convertible Preferred Stock as set forth in the Prospectus.

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Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Beane Smith, Barney & Co. Union Securities Corporation

White, Weld & Co.

A. C. Allyn and Company  
Incorporated

tual production has tripled. Compared to the operations of other giant corporations (e.g., General Motors, Du Pont), the business of making steel is relatively uncomplicated. And Ben Fairless is a relatively uncomplicated man. His biggest assets are a personal charm and warmth, a knack of getting the best out of men, and a great talent for settling high-level disputes. Command rides easily on his middling (5 ft. 8 in.) frame; at 61, his reddish-brown hair is untouched with grey, his ruddy, blue-eyed face is boyishly perky, his voice deceptively soft.

His command posts are in Pittsburgh's Koppers Building and at 71 Broadway in Manhattan. To operate Big Steel's 56 subsidiaries, he picks good deputies, gives them their heads, promotes them if they make good, and fires them if they don't. He inspires deep loyalty ("He could have my shirt, or my arm," says an ex-subordinate). He will go to any reasonable length to compromise a conflict, but acts ruthlessly if he can't. Once he fired the president of a subsidiary for refusing to obey an order. He gave the job to a deputy who had defended the rebel, "I knew you had every reason to dislike him," said Fairless. "I figured if you were so loyal to him, you would certainly be loyal to me."

For steelmen, who are often inarticulate or else incoherently profane, Fairless has become an able spokesman (thanks less to the corporation's old-fashioned idea of public relations than to the speech-writing help of Phelps Adams, ex-Washington chief of the late New York *Sun*). He is winning increasing recognition as a spokesman for the problems of industry in general. Steelmen like him because he doesn't hesitate to stand up and talk back to congressional committees, and ably defends the industry against the critics of Bigness. Fairless labels them "Calamity Johns suffering from a midgut complex . . . They think small." He is adept at cajoling the industry into a united front when necessary. Once, at an industry conference, a strapping steelman infuriated a small New Englander, and the tension imperiled the meeting until Fairless brought a laugh by saying: "Gentlemen, in the ring they never match a bantam against a heavyweight."

**On the Road.** He is a diplomat within his own company as well, constantly making the rounds among his 300,000 employees. Describing a forthcoming trip to a subsidiary, Fairless says: "I'll be met at the plane by the president. We'll go to my hotel, and next morning start visiting the plants. There are six plants, so it's a two-day job. So I'll be met again the next morning, and by this time the group may have grown to 25 or so, with a few vice presidents. But in the plant the officers will step aside; it's the foremen's show. I'll meet every foreman and his assistant, shake hands, inquire after their families. Wednesday night we'll have a

⊗ Next week Fairless will receive two awards: from the National Society of Industrial Realtors, in Cincinnati, for being "the outstanding industrialist of 1951," and from the Wharton School of Finance in Philadelphia for "outstanding contribution to American business."



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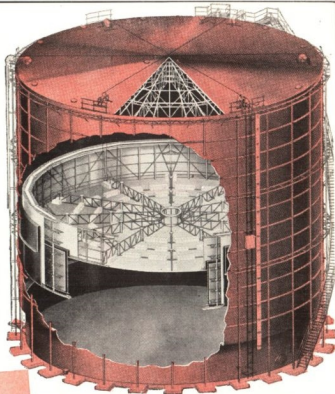
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Committee Report  
(May, 1951)

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**THE FAIRLESSS AT HOME\***  
The family dinner won't be boisterous.

family dinner, as we call it, and all the heads of the company will be there. It won't be boisterous; we're all business. I'll give them a little talk about things going on in other parts of the company that they wouldn't otherwise know. There'll be a question period."

Fairless hasn't got all the answers. On any top decision, he has to get the approval of Board Chairman Irving S. Olds, 64, and 60-year-old Enders M. ("Van") Voorhees, chairman of the powerful Finance Committee. Olds is a Yale man ('07) who distinguished himself at Harvard Law ('10), served as secretary to Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes, later worked for the Morgans, and now specializes in policy. Voorhees is a crack financier who did so well at Johns-Manville, another Morgan-influenced firm, that he was moved over to Big Steel; he has financed Big Steel's expansion out of earnings. Both Olds and Voorhees have offices at 71 Broadway. Big Steel's traditional nerve center, where Fairless joins them each Tuesday afternoon, commuting from Pittsburgh in his private car, the *Laurel Ridge*.

Fairless lives with his second wife, the former Mrs. Hazel Hatfield Sproul (his first wife died in 1942), and two servants in a rambling red brick, twelve-room house near Ligonier, 50 miles southeast of Pittsburgh. He had known Mrs. Sproul casually for years. In 1944, Fairless' only son Blaine married Caroline Sproul, Mrs. Sproul's only daughter. Three months after Blaine married Caroline, Fairless married her mother, a divorcee.

**Ride into Steel.** The town of Pigeon Run, where Ben Fairless was born, was a small cluster of sooty frame houses hard by the hillside coal pits where Fairless' father, David Williams, grubbed out a meager living for his wife and four children. Williams had such a hard time making ends meet that his wife's sister, Sarah Fairless, took five-year-old Ben to live with her in

nearby Justus. In the front room of their house by the railroad tracks, her husband, Jacob Fairless, ran a grocery. The couple adopted Ben, and he took their name.

Ben started selling papers (the *Cleveland Press*), later worked as a janitor at the high school until he graduated, taught country school during the winters to pay for his summer schooling at Wooster college, a Presbyterian school noted for its earnest emphasis on hard work and scholarship. Wooster was full of young men equally determined to get ahead. Ben ate at a boarding house where Robert E. Wilson, now chairman of Standard Oil of Indiana, waited on table, and played on a baseball team (the "Never-Sweats") with Karl T. Compton, now chairman of the corporation of M.I.T., and Karl's brother Wilson, until recently, president of the State College of Washington. Deciding to become a civil engineer, Ben switched to Ohio Northern University, working summers as an attendant in an insane asylum. In 1913, with his hard-won degree, he returned to Justus to work as a surveyor for the railroad. He got into the steel business by accident. In Massillon, "General" Jacob Coxey was gathering an army of unemployed to make a second march on Washington in protest against the hard times. Ben took an interurban to watch the show, but never got to Massillon. Just outside the town he saw men clearing the site for a new plant for the Central Steel Company. He hopped off, asked for a job, and got it. He went to work even though it was a Sunday—and his 23rd birthday.

**Pinch-Hitter.** When the plant was finished, Ben talked General Manager Fred Griffiths into keeping him on as a field engineer. Ben knew little about steel, but a lot about baseball, and that knowledge came in handy. Ohio companies, rich with war profits, had organized the famed "out-

\* With Mrs. Blaine Fairless and daughter.

law" Midwest League, and were recruiting Big Leaguers for their teams. Fairless was given the job of rounding up a team, the "Agathons." He managed it so well—smoothing over the constant squabbling of the stars—that the Agathons won the league pennant. Fred Griffiths, impressed by Fairless' peacemaking talents, threw him a trickier pitch.

The Army was complaining about faulty steel, and Fairless was told to settle the trouble. Fairless, demonstrating his ability to find common-sense solutions to problems, broke a paper clip in half, handed half to the Army inspector and suggested: "If any steel has pits big enough for us to poke this clip in, let's agree it's faulty." The officer, delighted with the idea's simplicity, agreed; most of the steel passed the test. Griffiths, who later became president of Central Steel was delighted too: he boosted this promising youngster to superintendent, then general manager.

Fairless' managing technique was to let men talk their grievances out, and if that didn't work, throw them out. Once he called two men in to talk over a quarrel. "When I made a grab for the other guy," one of the disputants recalls, "Ben grabbed me by the neck and threw me out of his office." He was tough in other ways. When pickets under William Z. Foster—then an A.F.L. organizer, now the top U.S. Communist—tried to close down the plant to organize it, Fairless decided that the best way to break up the picketing was to start a fight, and get the pickets arrested. Cursing and swinging his fist, he led the assault. The plan failed, but the pickets quit anyway. Years later, Fairless met a strike in another way. Although Griffiths, under pressure from other businessmen and churchmen, wanted to settle, Fairless brought in 500 strikebreakers and broke the strike.

When Central took over another plant, Fairless told its men: "No management in this plant has ever lasted 22 months. We've got a lot to do in 22 months." So saying, he fired unnecessary staffers, including a highly paid relative of a dominant stockholder, gave the job to the assistant of the discharged man. When the plant was ticking smoothly, Fairless called in the former assistant, gave him a fat raise and explained: "I was gambling my job on yours. If you hadn't made good after I fired the other guy, I'd have been fired. You came through."

Ruthless towards others' nepotism, Fairless showed no favoritism of his own. His father, sister and two brothers had come to work at Central Steel, but they got the pay of ordinary workers. His father, now 86, worked at the plant until his retirement in 1934.

Fairless became a crack salesman for Central Steel, thought up ingenious tricks to grab business, often from under U.S. Steel's nose. By the time he was 38, Fairless was president of Central. When Cleveland's Cyrus Eaton combined it with his new Republic Steel in 1935, Fairless became executive vice president of the new giant. Soon Big Steel's Myron Taylor discovered that wherever Big Steel was losing business, it was frequently losing it to

## What good is \$500?



*"Sure, I'd like to buy stocks. Who wouldn't? But I'm no millionaire, nowhere near it. I do manage to save a little, sure. Maybe \$40 or \$50 a month over and above what I need for living expenses, insurance, and emergencies. But the most I could spare right now is \$500—and what good is that? You can't get rich on a couple of shares, so I guess I'll just have to wait . . ."*

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Now that's not a fortune, no. But it is a start. And don't forget that in hundreds of cases you'll be getting dividends year after year.

Risk? Yes, there's a risk, but there's a risk in just having money. The risk that it won't buy as much a few years from now, if prices keep going up. But if that happens, one thing is sure: Dollars invested in common stocks have a better chance of growing than dollars that you simply set aside.

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"My company has a plant there,"

he said. "I know what I'm talking about."

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Fairless, Taylor went after him, and hired him.

**The Test of Bigness.** Government trustbusters think, as they always have, that Big Steel is too big, and yearn to break it up. Yet twice the U.S. Supreme Court has refused to clip the company's growth, has permitted it to expand and buy Consolidated Steel Co., in 1946, the West Coast's biggest fabricator. Even the Attorney General approved Big Steel's purchase of the war-surplus \$200 million Geneva, Utah plant, because Big Steel alone was big enough to buy it.

The paradox of steel's position, as Fairless frequently points out, is that if Big Steel lags in expansion, it is lashed for sabotaging defense; if it expands, the trustbusters want to shrink it. The fact is that a new measure of bigness is required to serve the rapidly growing U.S. economy. Only big companies can meet the tremendous costs of expansion. Where Big Steel once spent \$80 for each ton of new capacity, it is spending almost \$300 per capacity-ton for the new Fairless Works. Big Steel has expanded out of earnings, but under the new taxes, it is finding that much harder to do. Last week Chairman Olds reported that Big Steel's third-quarter profits, which were \$59.7 million in 1950, had tumbled to \$27.9 million—from \$2.04 a share to only 83¢. Reason: a \$26 million boost in taxes.

The test of Big Steel's right to its size is the way it has shouldered its economic and social responsibilities. On the whole, it has acquitted itself well. Despite the fact that steel has had a sellers' market for eleven years, its prices have risen 32% while all prices of all commodities have shot up 126% on the Bureau of Labor Statistics Index. Big Steel has not throttled competition; its smaller rivals have grown even faster. The compelling reason for building the Fairless Works at tidewater was to meet Bethlehem's competitive edge on the East Coast, where its Bethlehem & Sparrow Point plants can ship out steel by water, undercutting the higher-priced rail costs of Pittsburgh steel.

The steelworker's social gains, hard won though they often were, are equally impressive. He is the highest paid in the world; his \$1.93 average hourly wage exceeds the average of all manufacturing industries (\$1.61). Big Steel is now spending \$300 million a year to provide \$100-a-month pensions (including social security) at retirement.

**The Tests of the Future.** But in the technical field, slow-moving U.S. Steel has seldom led the pack. Republic was the first to introduce the "oxygen-pressure" process, which is boosting blast furnace efficiency by as much as 30%. It also joined with tiny Babcock & Wilcox to start the revolutionary method of continuous-casting (TIME, Aug. 30, 1948), which permits steel to be cast directly into billets without first going through soaking pits and blooming mills. Other rivals are jumping ahead with newer processes. Crucible Steel Co. is perfecting two new alloys which are hard enough for the tremendous heat of jet engines, but do

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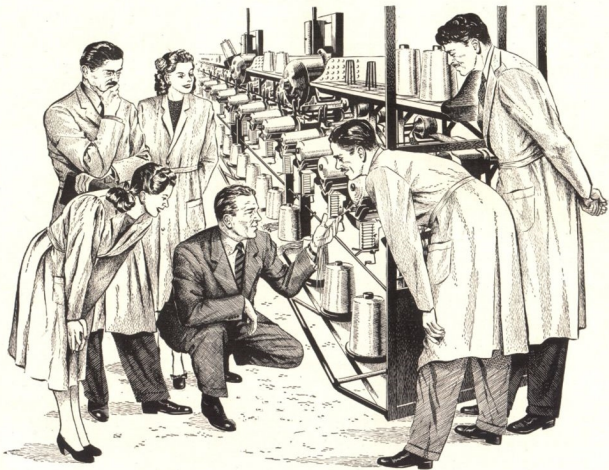
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other countries, too, the same program is at work. By contributing production and technical background and basic organization, Celanese helps these countries serve themselves and at the same time increases the Corporation's total volume of business.

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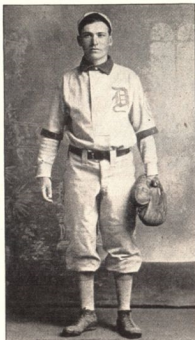
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not require cobalt, which is gravely short.

The gravest problem facing Big Steel—and the industry—is the tremendous rate at which today's production is eating up U.S. iron-ore reserves. Within 20 years, the richest ores of Big Steel's Mesabi Range will be exhausted. Big Steel is already acting to meet that fact. It has found a tremendous mountain of ore in Venezuela's Cerro Bolivar. Bethlehem is already tapping rich Venezuelan ores closer to the sea at El Pao. Republic is now importing 10,000 tons of Liberian ores a month. Republic and five other steelmakers are jointly spending \$200 million to hack through the wilds of Labrador to reach another huge ore reserve. And even the dwindling Mesabi still has immense supplies of low-grade, rock-bound ore



CATCHER FAIRLESS (1912)  
After a pennant, a trickier pitch.

called taconite. Big Steel is about to put it to use, will soon complete its first two plants for separating the ore from the rock. It will thus open up an additional source of ore.

**Guns & Butter.** Big Steel has to hustle to keep up with the expansion parade, even though it is now spending another staggering \$1 billion (on top of the \$1 billion already spent in the last five years). In Pittsburgh last week, Jones & Laughlin's President Ben Moreell tapped the first steel from a new open-hearth furnace, the first major U.S. steel plant completed since the Korean war began. It is the first of eleven new furnaces which Jones & Laughlin will shortly finish, to expand its steel production. By 1952's end, Jones & Laughlin will have spent \$390 million in six years, boosted its capacity by 32%. By the same time, Bethlehem—Big Steel's chief rival—will have spent \$700 mil-

## TO YOUNG MEN WHO WANT TO GET AHEAD

Advice from The  
Wall Street Journal

You are living in a period of far-reaching changes. New inventions, new industries, and new ways of doing business are creating opportunities for men who want to get ahead.

It will pay you to find out about these things. And one place to find out is in the pages of The Wall Street Journal. You probably think The Journal is just for millionaires. That is **WRONG**. The Journal is a daily business guide for every substantial citizen. Its readers include many of the wealthiest people in this country. Yet The Journal can also be of enormous help to ambitious men who want to succeed while they are still young.

The Journal has the largest staff of writers on business and finance. It is the only business paper served by all four big press associations. It comes to you DAILY. You get the fastest possible warning of any new trend that may affect your business, your job or your personal income. You get the facts in time to protect your interests or seize quickly a new opportunity to profit or win advancement. The Journal costs \$20 a year, but you can get a Trial Subscription for 3 months for \$5—77 issues (in U.S. and Possessions). Just tear out this ad and attach check for \$6 and mail. Or tell us to bill you. Address: The Wall Street Journal, 44 Broad St., New York 4, N.Y.

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TIME, NOVEMBER 12, 1951

lion, boosted its capacity 36% since 1946. Inland is spending \$145 million, Republic \$250 million, Wheeling \$100 million, Allegheny Ludlum \$60 million, Crucible \$75 million, National \$150 million, Kaiser \$25 million.

By 1953, within the space of three years, the whole industry will have expanded its capacity by one-fifth. The nation's steel capacity will then be so vast that all the demands of rearmament (at current estimates) will take only one-tenth of the supply. Not only will the U.S. have steel for arms, but enough left over for more civilian production than ever before. Thanks to the men of steel, from the grimey billet-scurfer to the captains like Ben Fairless, there will be blast furnaces enough for America's forge.

## COMMUNICATIONS

### All Bets Are Off

Over the wires to its 30,000 offices and agencies in the U.S., Western Union last week tapped out an order: don't take any messages or money orders involving bets. The order came after a Cumberland, N.J. county court convicted Western Union and its branch manager, Charles H. Frake, 40, of "maintaining a disorderly house" (i.e., a place where illegal business is conducted). The state charged that W.U. broke a New Jersey law banning off-track horse-race betting by handling \$300,000 in betting messages and money orders wired to out-of-state bookies. W.U. maintained that since New Jersey has no law specifically banning betting messages, it had no right as a common carrier to refuse the messages. But with W.U. facing a \$1,000 fine and its branch manager a similar fine plus a jail sentence, W.U. ordered the ban on bet messages, lest it endanger other employees.

## MANAGEMENT

### "Don't Be Disagreeable"

The good wife of a good corporation executive knows her job as well as any other employee on her husband's staff. She is sociable, acts as a "good, low-key stabilizer" for her husband, and knows exactly how to keep in a dead heat with the Joneses without forging ahead by a single grand piano or Buick Roadmaster. She puts her most fashionable foot forward at company parties, keeps her drinking hand back ("Never get tight at a company party") and, above all, remembers: "Don't be disagreeable to any company people you meet. You never know."

After surveying 130 wives and more than 100 companies all over the U.S., FORTUNE reports (in a pair of articles ending in the current issue) that the wives aren't overestimating the importance of their jobs one bit. Some corporations now consider executives' wives almost as important as executives; and the wives take to their new position just as if it had been part of their marriage vows.

**A Quiet Dinner.** More & more companies, says FORTUNE, are interviewing wives before hiring their husbands. About

## Employment Opps

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Competition for able employees is keen today. You can do much to secure and retain the people your business needs with an attractive, well integrated employee benefit program.

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NEW ISSUE

October 31, 1951

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**OFFICE PARTY**  
Fashionable foot forward, drinking hand back.

half the companies surveyed have wife-screening programs and others are getting ready to start them. The practice is to make "an informal social visit" at home, invite the couple to dinner, or even ask the husband to bring his wife along to an interview for a job. One company carefully checks the wife's credit rating and her popularity in her community. Another turns down at least 20% of its trainee applicants, who were otherwise acceptable, because of their wives.

An increasing number of films, brochures and special mailings are sent to wives. Salesmen's wives sometimes get heavy-handed reminders that the company is running a sales contest in which their husbands can win such prizes as fur coats, refrigerators, toasters, etc. Another firm has set up a kind of finishing school for wives. "As soon as the husband reaches the \$8,000-to-\$10,000 bracket, his wife becomes eligible for grooming." A vice president's wife takes her in hand, shows her where to shop, eat, vacation and how to dress and entertain.

**The Ornerly Wife.** "It's tough," complains the wife of a 35-year-old plant manager. "You have to leave behind your old friends. You have to weigh the people you invite to parties. You have to be careful of who you send Christmas cards to and who you don't." But, on balance, most wives go along willingly. FORTUNE finds that "she does like her way of life . . . She has become such an ally of the corporation . . . it would almost appear that she and the corporation are ganging up on the husband."

Even though the wives seem to thrive on it, some still yearn for the day when "everyone could just get together in a sort of secret cartel on ambition." FORTUNE itself puts in a plug for the "ornerly wife,"

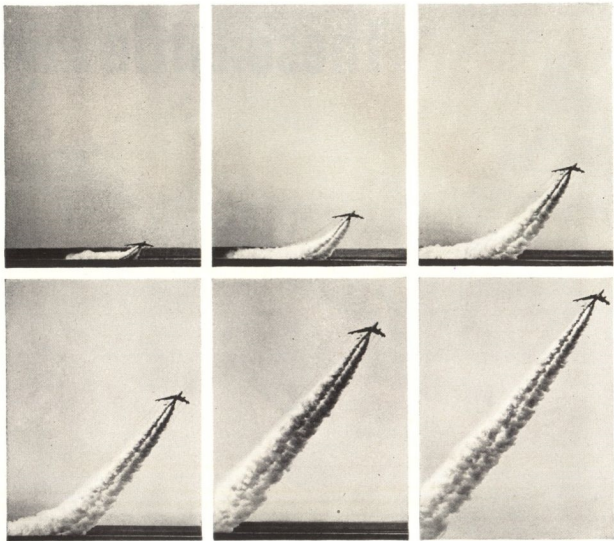
thinks the "integration" has gone too far. "Conformity," says an editorial on the survey, "is being elevated into something akin to a religion." But there are still companies that will have no part of it. Says one auto executive: "Wives' activities are their own business. What do these companies want for their \$10,000? Slavery, too?"

## RETAIL TRADE

### Macy's v. Sunbeam

When Manhattan's R. H. Macy & Co. started a price war last spring, it trimmed the tag on Sunbeam Mixmasters to \$26.59, more than \$3 below the wholesale price. Last week Sunbeam slapped a \$6,000,000 triple-damages suit on Macy's, charging it had unlawfully restrained trade by using Mixmasters as loss-leaders. The price war followed the U.S. Supreme Court decision that retailers such as Macy's, who hadn't signed contracts with manufacturers, need not abide by fixed pricing.\* During the war, Macy's Mixmaster sales, says Sunbeam, jumped from 3.3% of New York's total to 56.2%. Even though Sunbeam now refuses to sell to Macy's, and has all its wholesalers on fair-trade contracts, Macy's still manages to buy Sunbeam products. "Macy's" says Sunbeam, has "corrupted various Sunbeam contracting wholesalers and retailers to violate their contracts by reselling Sunbeam's merchandise to Macy's at less than the contract fair-trade price."

\* Sunbeam's suit was based on the Sherman antitrust law rather than fair-trade laws. Last week Sunbeam lost a decision in the U.S. circuit court of appeals when a verdict ordering two Sunbeam retailers to sell at fair-trade prices was reversed in part in line with the Supreme Court's decision.



*Boeing B-47 Stratojet in a rocket-assist takeoff.*

## What puts them in the air?

When aviation leaps ahead with the creation of a great new airplane, you can be sure of this: behind it are millions of engineering man-hours and vast expenditures for research facilities.

Boeing's laboratories for research and experiment are second to none in the industry. And they are in constant use. Much of the equipment they contain has no duplicate anywhere in the world because it has been designed and developed by the Company's own

engineers for entirely new purposes.

Even more vital to leadership in aircraft design and production are the men who use research and make it work. As a Boeing executive puts it: "You can have all the laboratories in the world, but you've got to mix them with experience."

Here is an organization that has built more large four-engine aircraft than any other manufacturer. Many Boeing engineers have lived and breathed the

aerodynamic, mechanical, electrical and power problems of big plane production for more than fifteen years.

It is that broad experience, backed by ingenuity and sound research, that has given America today's Boeing Stratocruisers and C-97 Stratofreighters, B-29 and B-50 Superfortresses, the lightning-fast B-47 Stratojets and—newest of all—the Boeing B-52 eight-jet heavy bomber now being prepared for initial flight.

*Among Boeing's facilities for research and development are Acoustical, Aerodynamic, Armament, Electrical, Electronic, Flight Test, Hydraulic, Mechanical Equipment, Metallurgical, Physical Research, Propulsion and Structural Test Laboratories, and the Boeing Wind Tunnel.*

**BOEING**

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**More reserves of iron ore.** This grinding mill is part of Allis-Chalmers' wide range of reduction machinery for processing low-grade ores, such as taconite, to extend the nation's iron reserves.

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## CINEMA

### Box Office

October's top draws at the box office, as reported by *Variety*:

- 1) *An American in Paris* (M-G-M)
- 2) *A Streetcar Named Desire* (Warner)
- 3) *A Place in the Sun* (Paramount)
- 4) *David and Bathsheba* (20th Century-Fox)
- 5) *The Desert Fox* (20th Century-Fox)

### By the Numbers

In all the Hollywood hubbub over television's steadily rising power (see *RADIO & TV*), everyone conceded that the ones who were sure to get it in the neck were the nation's theater owners. But by last week the theatermen could report that they don't even feel a crick. Latest figures showed 23,397 movie houses (3,508 of them drive-ins) now operating in the U.S., ↑ 18,172 in pre-TV 1945.

### The New Pictures

**Young Scarface** (M.K.D. Distributors), imported from England three years after it was filmed, should have stayed discreetly at home. It starts with an impressive list of credits: an adaptation of Novelist Graham Greene's *Brighton Rock*, scripted by Greene and Terence Rattigan (see below) for the producing-directing team of John and Roy (*Seven Days Till Noon*) Boulting. But the film reflects little credit on any of them.

The power of Greene's book lay chiefly in his detailed character study of Pinkie, a 17-year-old hoodlum personifying pure evil, and in the religious conflict within the simple waitress who loved him. Except for a single refinement of the book's final irony, the movie treats its characters wholly on the surface. The result looks enough like a second-rate U.S. crime melodrama to make the new title seem an accurate label. *Brighton Rock* loses its soul when young Scarface becomes just another descendant of Chicago's Scarface Al.

**The Browning Version** (J. Arthur Rank; Universal-International) is Playwright Terence (*The Winslow Boy*) Rattigan's own adaptation of his one-acter about a Mr. Chips-in-reverse, an unloved, dried-up academic tyrant on the way out of an English public school after 18 years. Like the play, the film daubs life liberally with greasepaint. But it is still a moving story, and lends British support to the Hollywood slogan that movies are better than ever—especially when adapted with care from successful plays or novels.

Schoolmaster Andrew Crocker-Harris (Michael Redgrave), the most unheroic hero of the year, is a failure to his fingertips, as teacher, husband and colleague. His heart is failing, too, forcing him to leave his job, to no one's regret. Stuffy and coldly embittered, he is derided by his pupils, who call him "The Crock"; patronized by the headmaster (Wilfrid Hyde White), who is ready to withhold his pension; cuckolded by a younger

# No average man will relish this utterly different kind of magazine... but if you number among your friends one who prizes the unique, the challenging and the stimulating ... then Gentry is the Christmas gift for him.

If, perchance, you have seen a copy of the first issue of GENTRY in the home of a discerning friend, then you know why we say that only those of an unusual turn of mind can fully appreciate this \$2-a-copy magazine. GENTRY is edited for the rather rare individual whose mind is ever open to new ideas, new forms; for the individual who respects the best of the thinking and art which has endured over the years; who feels that there is much, much more to living than merely making a living; and therefore seeks constantly to gain more from his hourly association with people, objects and ideas.

Among your friends there may be one, possibly three or four such people; and since you wish to present them with a Christmas gift of an especial nature, which is attuned



to their high level of thinking, we suggest a year's subscription to GENTRY (4 issues) as a suitable gift. Here, for example, is a brief description of just a few out of the long list of editorial features which will appear in the next issue of GENTRY; you can judge from them how intrigued and enthralled your discerning friends will be when they receive this fine magazine.

**THE PORTFOLIO OF LOCOMOTIVES** is a natural and equally beautiful sequel to the Portfolio of Old Automobiles which appeared in the first issue of GENTRY. In the Portfolio you will find handsomely drawn and expensively colored reproductions of the most famous types of railway locomotives, luxuriously printed on fine mat paper and suitable for mounting.

**HOW MODERN IS MODERN?** Those who create, and many who admire, modern art and invention will either disagree or be enthralled by this article. Side by side the editors show examples from the works of artists and inventors of today as well as centuries ago; the parallel of both thinking and technique is striking, to say the least. Even an atomic explosion was foreseen in the 15th Century!

**IT COSTS NO MORE TO OWN THE PROPER FASHIONS**, and GENTRY's fashion editors give you a preview of the most acceptable of coming fashions for men, created both abroad and in this country. It is intended not at all

as a stereotyped guide for all men's dress, but rather to suggest the lines along which you should seek when ordering your apparel and haberdashery for Spring 1952.



**FARMING FOR YOUR HORSE!** How you can raise sufficient feed of all required types to nourish your horse, at virtually no cost.

**THE IMPORTANCE OF THE HAND IN UNDERSTANDING** is one of the most effective features of GENTRY. That is why, in each issue, you will encounter many tip-ons and many tri-dimensional forms of presentation.

## Not Until Issue No. 3

In the third issue of GENTRY there will be a presentation of the Gentry Fly, a story on trout fishing, replete with full-color pictures and step-by-step illustrations on tying the Gentry Fly. The reason this story cannot appear until Issue No. 3 is that an actual hand-tied wet fly will be attached to a page of the story and since it takes extremely skilled hands to tie a fine fly, we will not have the thousands of Gentry Flies ready until sometime in March. This productive fly, GENTRY's Choice, was born on the Au-

sable River in the New York State Adirondacks in 1938 and has been discussed with enthusiasm by the experts.

In the list of those who have already over-subscribed the first edition of GENTRY are cabinet members, generals, industry leaders, prominent educators and journalists. Frankly, not all of the charter subscribers reflected the general enthusiasm over GENTRY; among our subscribers a handful (31 to be precise) wrote, some in strong language, to tell us why they objected to certain articles and treatments in GENTRY. On the other hand, here are some quotes from letters we received by the hundreds:

"... And in the 51 years I have been reading every available form of publication, I can sincerely write that GENTRY is among the half dozen I shall always prize for their real contribution to a fuller life ..."

"... That's why I bought GENTRY, and sent it to my son overseas. I want him, at this age, to understand and appreciate the true sense of what it means to be a Man ..."

"... My wife and I agree on one point: more people of substance should read GENTRY; it would enrich and provide them with a more understanding point of view in their dealings with other people."

GENTRY, despite its high price, is not a magazine for the wealthy alone; it is, rather, for those rich in mind, and such of your friends as can make full use of GENTRY's stimulating and inspirational content will consider it a superb Christmas gift.

**AN IMPORTANT POINT.** When you order a Gift Subscription, we will instantly check each recipient's name against our master list of subscribers; should we find your friend is already on the rolls, you will be notified at once so that you may either cancel your order or substitute the name of another friend.



**CHRISTMAS BONUS.** A very fine reproduction of a rare Currier and Ives lithograph of world champion John L. Sullivan will be sent free with Volume 2 of GENTRY. It is printed on a heavy mat paper in the true lithograph color process with hot-plate embossing. The original, which is slightly larger, today is unobtainable at practically any price. Suitable for framing, it will be a bonus gift to all GENTRY subscribers.

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To insure that people speak favorably of your company and your product, you must furnish them with the complete facts. If people do not have facts, they must, of necessity, speak from hearsay — and may distort the truth.

The most satisfactory method of circulating complete facts about the superiority of your company and your product is through attractive printed pieces: booklets, brochures, folders, broadsides, catalogs. Printed literature is the ideal medium because it permits you to describe, document and illustrate each major and minor feature in detail, and thereby foster public confidence in what you are selling.

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Your printer will probably specify Warren's Standard Printing Papers for your work. He wants to deliver the best possible printing result and he knows from long experience that Warren papers provide a uniform, high-quality printing surface. S. D. Warren Company, 89 Broad Street, Boston 1, Massachusetts.

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*Printing Papers*

instructor (Nigel Patrick), who vaguely pities him; despised by his wife (Jean Kent), who is not only unfaithful but keeps him fully posted on her infidelities.

Then, in the humiliation of his last days at school, a simple act of kindness changes The Crock's life. A pupil (Brian Smith) astonishes him by presenting a parting gift, a copy of the *Agamemnon* in the Robert Browning translation. This gesture pierces The Crock's outer crust and strikes an emotional gusher. With the help of Rattigan's facile plotting, it leads to the wife's comeuppance at the hands of her lover and, finally, to a rebellious upsurge of self-respect in The Crock.

The movie improves on the play by widening its view of the school's life and atmosphere and enabling Rattigan to dramatize incidents that the stage cramped him into reporting at secondhand. Such minor characterizations as The Crock's

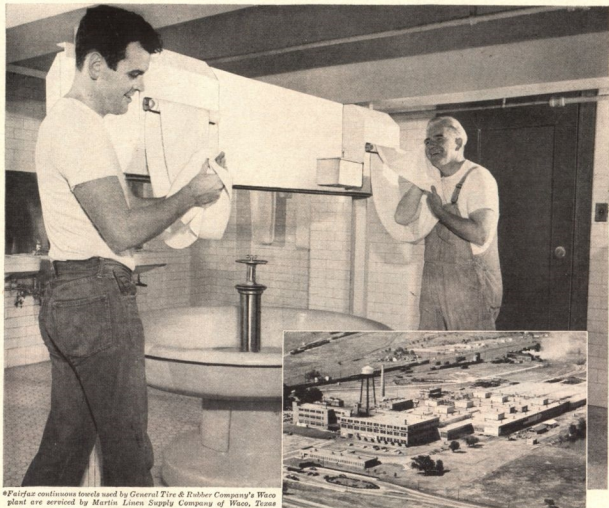


PUPIL SMITH & TEACHER REDGRAVE  
Kindness is all.

young replacement (Ronald Howard, son of the late Leslie Howard), Actor Smith's sympathetic pupil and Actor Hyde White's hypocritical headmaster seem fuller than before, and are skillfully played. Most to its credit, the film gets up close to a superb piece of acting by Michael Redgrave, who makes the schoolmaster's inner suffering as vivid as his aging stoop, frigid correctness and nasal drone.

**The Big Night** (Philip A. Waxman; United Artists) spans the painful growth of an insecure 17-year-old boy into manhood. His big night begins with a shocking, puzzling scene: the boy (John Barrymore Jr.) and a group of barflies watch his tough bartender-father (Preston Foster) strip to the waist and kneel docilely to take a brutal caning from a crippled sport reporter (Howard St. John).

Already on the defensive as a timid, motherless misfit and now humiliated and enraged by what he has seen, the youth



\*Fairfax continuous towels used by General Tire & Rubber Company's Waco plant are serviced by Martin Linen Supply Company of Waco, Texas

## General Tire says Cotton Towels\* are more satisfactory and cost less



**Here's How  
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TIME, NOVEMBER 12, 1951

113

# Short cut to ground?



It might be a new one to Smoker Sullivan, but it's well known to electrical engineers. It's the Plexicon tube socket, a joint development of Cinch Manufacturing Co., subsidiary of United-Carr, and Erie Resistor Corp. Built-in bypass and coupling capacitors provide the shortest path to ground for any desired tube element. Result... simplified wiring, great compactness, less weight for airborne electronic apparatus.

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arms himself with his father's hat, jacket and pistol and sets out for revenge. Before he catches up with the reporter and some harsh facts of life, he drifts through the night in a confused haze of alcohol, hatred and fear. Along the way, he meets a bullying grifter (Emil Meyer), a friendly, well-spoken stranger (Philip Bourneuf) who turns into a heel, and a young girl (Joan Larring) who tries to keep him from the murder he plans.

Director Joseph (*The Prowler*) Losey (who also helped to write the script) waits until the last reel before explaining what the barroom beating was all about. In the interval, except for a talky lapse, he keeps *The Big Night* constantly absorbing. But at the end, explanations come in a spate of dialogue that covers too much ground too fast.

In spite of its faults, *The Big Night* is an impressive job. Within the framework of a low-budget melodrama, it crams



JOHN BARRYMORE JR.  
He earns his name.

an uncommon amount of character insight, originality and intense feeling, as well as the seedy realism of cheap, big-city backgrounds in the small hours. And young (19) Actor Barrymore, in a turbulent, demanding role, convincingly earns his right to his famous name.

When *Worlds Collide* (Paramount) is Hollywood's most ambitious foray into the thin air of science-fiction. Producer George (*Destination Moon*) Pal pictures the end of the world in Technicolor and the escape by rocket of 40-odd humans and an arkload of animals, seeds and gadgets to begin life anew on another one.

Technically, the film offers a sleekly handsome rocket with plenty of dials and levers, a few glimpses into the problem of transplanting life from one planet to another and fair-to-middling trick shots of earthly landmarks in a catastrophe of fire and water. But the human cast is caught

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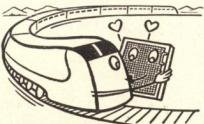
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in the rut of Hollywood, Calif. and the problems of the characters trying to flee doomsday are not noticeably different from the ones that beset fugitives from floods, wild Indians or police dragnets.

The movie's main line of suspense is an obvious phony: Will the scientist-heroes build and equip their rocket before the star Bellus hits the earth? The script creates little more tension out of whether the adventurer (Richard Derr) who loves the chief scientist's daughter (Barbara Rush) will be too proud to accept a coveted seat in the rocket, or whether the disgruntled technicians who must be left behind will try to commandeer the rocket themselves. On the sidelines, a wicked old capitalist (John Hoyt) who is financing the project tries in vain to control the passenger list, but there is always room for a cute little orphan boy or a stray puppy. The final group of passengers, all hand-picked interplanetary pioneers, look as if Central Casting had sent them to answer a chorus call.

The subject itself exerts enough fascination to make *When Worlds Collide* fairly easy to look at. The film's greatest disappointment is its failure to overcome or satisfy a moviegoer's legitimate curiosity about what effect the approaching end of the world might have on the people who really live in it.

### CURRENT & CHOICE

**Detective Story.** Broadway Playwright Sidney Kingsley's account of a day in a Manhattan detective-squad room becomes an even better movie as filmed by Director William Wyler; with Kirk Douglas and Eleanor Parker (TIME, Oct. 29).

**The Lavender Hill Mob.** Alec Guinness, as an engaging master criminal in a superior British concoction of wit and farce (TIME, Oct. 15).

**An American in Paris.** A buoyant, imaginative musical, full of fine dances and as compelling as its George Gershwin score; with Gene Kelly and Leslie Caron (TIME, Oct. 8).

**The Red Badge of Courage.** Stephen Crane's classic Civil War novel, handsomely translated by Writer-Director John Huston into one of the best war films ever made; with Audie Murphy and Bill Mauldin (TIME, Oct. 8).

**The River.** Director Jean Renoir's sensitive story of an English girl growing into adolescence beside a holy river in India; based on Rumer Godden's autobiographical novel (TIME, Sept. 24).

**A Streetcar Named Desire.** An unvarnished adaptation of Tennessee Williams' prizewinning Broadway hit; with Marlon Brando, Vivien Leigh, Kim Hunter (TIME, Sept. 17).

**People Will Talk.** Scripter-Director Joseph L. Mankiewicz needles the medical profession in his latest comedy of U.S. manners & morals; with Cary Grant and Jeanne Crain (TIME, Sept. 17).

**A Place in the Sun.** Producer-Director George Stevens' masterly version of Dreiser's *An American Tragedy*; with Montgomery Clift, Elizabeth Taylor, Shelley Winters (TIME, Sept. 10).

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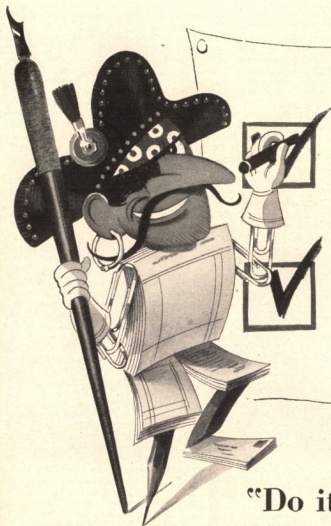
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## "After Us the Deluge"

THE SELECTED LETTERS OF HENRY ADAMS  
(279 pp.)—Edited by Newton Arvin  
—Farrar, Straus & Young (\$3.50).

As every American boy knows, he may grow up to be President. But very few boys plan on it; only one, perhaps, ever took it for granted. Young Henry Adams thought that being President was the family trade. It was an easy mistake for him to make. His great-grandfather, John Adams, had been the second President of the U.S., his grandfather, John Quincy Adams, the sixth. His father, Charles Francis Adams, was a distinguished Ambassador to Great Britain (1861-68), but barely came within flirting distance of the White House. The only political mandate little (5 ft. 4 in.) Henry Adams ever received was for an occasional dinner with Theodore Roosevelt, whom he half scornfully dubbed "Loonatic Teddy."

**Jilted Lover.** A proud man from a proud clan, Henry Adams never quite reconciled himself to the fact that he and his were through setting up White House-keeping. He adopted the tone of the jilted lover and always spoke through the mask of failure.

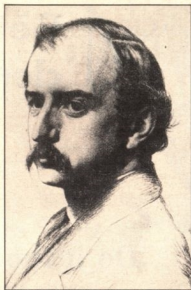
It was a bit of a pose. With his fine and nimble mind, he coped enough of life's prizes to satisfy half a dozen ordinary men. As a journalist, he tossed off articles lively as hand grenades. As history professor at Harvard (1870-77), he launched the first graduate studies in history in the U.S. As a practicing historian, he wrote a classic, nine-volume study of the Jefferson-Madison administration. He hobnobbed with the great, picked every first-rate brain of the Victorian era, traveled from the South Seas to the Arctic Circle, and finally totted up the findings of a lifetime in his pessimistic masterpiece, *The Education of Henry Adams*.

Even if Adams had done none of these things, one other achievement would stamp him with the stripe of genius: his wonderful letters. To those who automatically pigeonhole Adams as a crotchety Cassandra, Biographer-Critic Newton Arvin's springy sampling of the voluminous correspondence will come as an eye opener. Tart as alum and economical as Japanese prints, the letters also spill over with sensuous responses to life as scandalous in a proper Bostonian as living on capital.

**Boston's Blight.** Secretly, Henry Adams yearned to be an improper Bostonian. He dragged the ball & chain of his birth with him wherever he went, but he always recognized it for the burden it was. "Boston is a curious place. Its business in life is to breed and to educate. The parent lives for his children; the child, when educated himself, becomes a parent, or becomes an educator, or is both . . . Nothing ever comes of it all. There is no society worth the name, no wit, no intellectual energy . . . Everything is respectable, and nothing amusing. There are no outlaws. There

are not only no convictions, but no strong wants. Dr. Holmes\* . . . is allowed to talk as he will—wild atheism commonly—and no one objects. I am allowed to sit in my chair at Harvard College and rail at everything which the college respects, and no one cares."

After seven years, Henry Adams vaulted out of that chair into marriage and out of Boston to Washington. His wife's tragic suicide in 1885 (in a depressed state she took potassium cyanide) sent him barreling off to the ends of the earth: Japan, Samoa, Ceylon. "Positively everything in Japan laughs. The jinrickshaw men laugh while running at full speed five miles with a sun that visibly sizzles their drenched clothes. The women all laugh, but they are obviously wooden dolls, badly made, and



The Bettmann Archive

HENRY ADAMS (AT 30)

Respectability, without amusement.

can only cackle, clatter . . . and hop or slide in heelless straw sandals across floors . . . I believe the Mikado laughs when his ministers have a cabinet council." One Japanese item was no laughing matter for a Bostonian: "I was a bit agast when one young woman called my attention to a temple as a remains of phallic worship; but what can one do? . . . One cannot quite ignore the foundations of society."

**Pai-Pai Show.** In Samoa, Henry Adams found it even harder to keep the mental fig leaf in place. He got mildly squiffed on a coconut brew called *kava*. Assured that he wasn't a missionary, the native girls put on a dance. "Five girls came into the light, with a dramatic effect that really I never felt before. Naked to the waist, their rich skins glistened with coconut oil. Around their heads and necks they wore

garlands of green leaves in strips, like seaweeds, and these too glistened with oil, as though the girls had come out of the sea. Around their waists, to the knee, they wore leaf-clothes, or *lava-lavas* . . . They swayed about, clapped their hands, shoulders, legs." Later, Adams was introduced to a local version of the striptease called the *pai-pai*: "In the *pai-pai*, the women let their *lava-lavas* . . . or *siapias* seem about to fall. The dancer pretends to tighten it, but only opens it so as to show a little more thigh, and fastens it again so low as to show a little more hip. Always turning about and moving with the chorus, she repeats this process . . . showing more legs and hips every time, until the *siapi* barely hangs on her, and would fall except that she holds it. At last it falls; she turns once or twice more, in full view; then snatches up the *siapi* and runs away."

**The Russian Flail.** In Europe, the foundations of society were shaking in a different way. Speculating on strained relations between England and Germany in 1898, Adams winged off one of his many arrows of insight: "So we can foresee a new centralization, of which Russia is one pole, and we the other, with England between." Later, on a visit to Moscow, he concluded: "The sum of my certainty is that America has a very clear century of start over Russia, and that western Europe must follow us for a hundred years, before Russia can swing her flail over the Atlantic."

A polarized world scared Adams less than an atomized one. As early as 1862 he wrote: "Man has mounted science, and is now run away with . . . Some day science may have the existence of mankind in its power, and the human race commit suicide by blowing up the world." By 1901, he was saying: "After us the deluge—or even before!" In February of 1918, he was 80 years old and very tired of "a new society and a new world which is more wild and madder by far than the old one . . ." One month later, he left it.

## One Fascist

THE CONFORMIST (376 pp.)—Alberto Moravia—Farrar, Straus & Young (\$3.50).

One of the best writers in the world today is a 43-year-old Italian named Alberto Moravia. The U.S. knows him for three books: *The Woman of Rome*, a realistic portrait of a prostitute, *Two Adolescents*, in which Moravia writes about the hazards of growing up, and *Conjugal Love*, a cameo masterpiece about a marriage.

Moravia's new novel unravels the character of a Fascist—a weak-kneed fellow named Marcello whose troubles all seem to stem from a cruel streak and a wish to be "normal." To be like everybody else or maybe a little more so. *The Conformist* is not Moravia's best novel, but it is his most ambitious. Underlying it is the question that many an Italian asks himself: How could seemingly decent people have turned into Fascist bullies?

Moravia's little bully grew up in a bro-

\* Wit, author of *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*, and father of Supreme Court Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes Jr.



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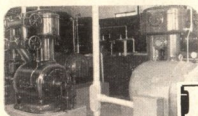
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ken home; his mother neglected him one day and besieged him with affection the next. Marcello diverted himself by killing animals. "It was from cruelty that he derived the only pleasures that did not seem . . . insipid." At 13, he suffered an unforgettable shock: a grownup invited Marcello to his room to see a revolver, then began making homosexual passes. Marcello, in a panic of fear and fascination, picked up the revolver, fired and fled.

Marcello is sure the man is dead. As he grows up, he does his best to blot out the thought that he is a murderer and, if only latently, a homosexual. He finds two partial escapes—becoming a bureaucratic pea in the Fascist pod, and marrying a lusty girl named Giulia.

Marcello's downfall begins when he zealously volunteers for a role in a political murder plot, and funks it. At the same time he finds that Giulia, his angel of normality, has her Lesbian side. But he really goes to pieces when he finds that the man he shot years ago is alive & kicking. Marcello lives just long enough after that to realize that his whole life has been twisted by "a thing that never happened." Then he dies in an air raid.

Except as a distant allegory, *The Conformist* leaves the larger part of Fascism unexplained. Yet, as a picture of one particular Fascist, it is a thoroughly convincing book. It is flawed somewhat by a languorous analytical style which prevents it from picking up dramatic speed, but even second-rank Moravia makes fine reading.

## Old Worlds to Conquer

GODS, GRAVES & SCHOLARS (426 pp.)—C. W. Ceram—Knopf (\$5.75).

"Gold!" cried the grizzled German archaeologist, clutching the arm of his beautiful young Greek wife. They stared down into the excavation. "Quick!" he whispered. "Send the men home at once . . . Tell them anything you want." A few minutes later the unsuspecting workmen were gone, and Heinrich Schliemann, a knife in his hand and a frenzy in his head, was digging gold bangles and diadems out of the foundations of Homeric Troy. Priam's treasure! The words roared in his ears. Staggering up, Schliemann looped a necklace 3,000 years old around the neck of his 20-year-old wife. "Helen!" he breathed.

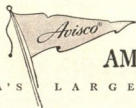
The moment was a thought theatrical. Yet, as C. W. Ceram shows in *Gods, Graves & Scholars*, in archaeology, the theatrical climax is commonplace. Ceram, a West German book editor who has made archaeology his hobby, set out to do for his subject what Paul de Kruif did long ago for bacteriology in *Microbe Hunters*. The result is a highly readable series of biographical profiles: of the Frenchman, Jean François Champollion, who unriddled the ancient babble of the Rosetta Stone; of Howard Carter and Lord Carnarvon, who dug up King Tut, and of several more. The biographical sketches carry the story of archaeology nicely along, and if the atmosphere of the book is a bit dustier than that of *Microbe Hunters*, it is not so

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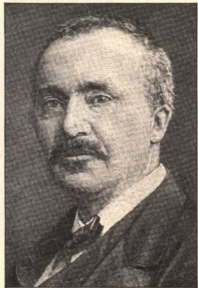
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much Ceram's fault as the fault of his subject.

**Dream & Fulfillment.** The most resounding personality in Ceram's book is that of Heinrich Schliemann. His career began when he was only seven, with a prophecy: "When I am big," he told his father, "I shall go to Greece and find Troy and the King's treasure." Herr Schliemann laughed, but Heinrich never forgot his resolve. He did, however, take time to learn English, French, Dutch, Spanish, Portuguese, Italian, Russian, Swedish, Polish, Latin, Greek and Arabic, and to become a millionaire in the dyestuffs business.

In 1868, at the age of 46, Schliemann set out for Asia Minor to make his boyish dream come true. In defiance of scholarly opinion, relying solely on Homer's descriptions, Schliemann chose the mound of Hissarlik as the place to start digging. And the digging proved the professionals wrong.



ARCHAEOLOGIST SCHLIEMANN  
To an amateur, the diadems.

the amateur right—almost too right, for instead of one city, Schliemann found nine within the mound, one on top of the other. Which one was Troy?

Schliemann was convinced that Troy was the third city from the bottom, because there he found the trove of golden ornaments which he believed to be Priam's treasure, but later scholars think he was wrong, and that Priam's city was the third from the top.

**Triumph & Death.** Scarcely pausing to taste his success, Schliemann rushed on to Mycenae, Agamemnon's city, and there unearthed the tombs of the Mycenaean kings with their treasures of gold and priceless antiquities, and on again to Orchomenus in the Peloponnese, where he uncovered the legendary treasury of King Minyas, and to Tiryns, the birthplace of Hercules, where he revealed the largest citadel of the Grecian world. At last, at the age of 68, Schliemann committed the only anticlimax of his career—he

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died in Naples of a sudden infection in his ear.

In the 61 years since Schliemann's death, archeology has become an elaborate and meticulous science. Borrowing tools from physics, chemistry and half a dozen other sciences, it has gone on to fresh triumphs in Egypt, Crete, Mesopotamia and Central America. Biggest items of unfinished business: the Inca civilization of Peru and Bolivia, the Hittite culture of Syria and Asia Minor, and the stone remains of the Indus Valley.

## **The Living Past**

*LIFE IN AMERICA* (2 vols., 1,076 pp.)—*Marshall Davidson*—Houghton Mifflin (\$20).

Marshall Davidson, of Manhattan's Metropolitan Museum of Art, wanted a new kind of U.S. history book and decided to write it himself. Instead of rehashing the dry bones of political campaigns,



The New-York Historical Society  
**EXCITING DIVERSION** (1844)

Also, whittling and covered wagons.

Civil War battles and tariff disputes, he went looking for the marrow in the U.S. past: the way Americans really spent their days.

What games did Puritan children like? How did people get along on the Western frontier? What was it like to live in Chicago 100 years ago? With the help of 1,200 pictures and a 250,000-word text, Historian Davidson has answered these questions and many more. His handsome, two-volume *Life in America* will delight anybody able to lay out the \$20 for it.

**Cricket at Dartmouth.** Here is the surrender of the British at Yorktown, here a glimpse of covered wagons heading West, a brassy photo of Dodge City's Main Street in the 1870s. A picture of a squalid "Bandit's Roost" in the New York of the 1880s turns up close to a sedate shot of Fifth Avenue lined with fashionable carriages. Among Davidson's other exhibits: Dartmouth students playing cricket in 1793, women prospectors on their way to



**PRISONER-OF-WAR CAMPS** in Michigan and Illinois were "home" to this young German prisoner for 20 months of World War II. Even from behind the fences, the U. S. and its people looked good to him. "How I wanted to stay there!" he says.

Because he is now in Russian-occupied Germany, we cannot publish his name, though both his name and his PW record have been checked and verified in the records of the U. S. Army Adjutant General's office.



"I'M IN THE RUSSIAN ZONE," the ex-PW writes, "sitting in my father's shop watching the socialists smothering the last remnants of private enterprise. There is no future here, but to turn communist and sell the people socialism. And this I'll never do."



**HIS LETTER TO THE U. S.** had to be smuggled across the Berlin Russian Zone border, and mailed from the address of a friend living in the American Zone. "That is one of the sides of living in a socialist-totalitarian state," he explains.

## "I had the good luck to be a prisoner of war"

That's the moving statement in a letter received in the U. S. from a young German now living in the Russian Zone of Germany. He draws a grim picture of the difference between life in free America, even as a prisoner of war, and life under socialism, Russian style.

"It is freedom that makes life worth while," he writes. "You Americans worry about your freedom because you still have it. But socialism means the loss of many other things that make life easier. The wheels of progress not only stop, but eventually turn backward. You find your time taken up by fighting for your basic needs like food and shelter, against an ever more obstructing bureaucracy."

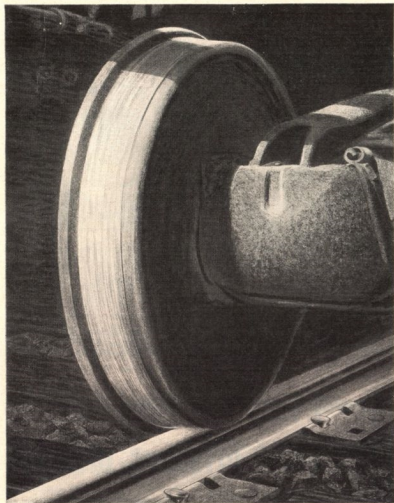
A message like this has a meaning to all Americans. Especially today, when we all are willingly giving government vast powers over our plans, our businesses, our very lives—as the cost of arming against aggression.

But some Americans are trying to take advantage of the present emergency by urging that government own and run many businesses and services permanently—the railroads, the doctors, the electric light and power companies, for example.

There's a great difference between giving up our freedoms temporarily and losing them permanently to a more and more powerful government. *It's the difference between freedom and socialism.* To help everyone remember this difference, this message is published by America's business-managed, tax-paying Electric Light and Power Companies.\*

\*Names on request from this magazine.

"Meet Carlisle Archer"—Sundays—CBS—9 P. M., Eastern Time.  
TIME, NOVEMBER 12, 1951



## Prime Mover...

of the goods this country needs for national defense, and for its daily life and work, is the flanged wheel on the steel rail. Day and night—all across the face of the nation—at all seasons of the year—freight trains roll, carrying raw materials and finished goods, products of farm and forest and mine, of mill and factory.

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the Klondike, Coney Island in the 1890s, child labor in a Virginia glass factory in 1911.

The text of *Life in America* proposes no striking or revolutionary ideas about U.S. history. Author Davidson has been content to follow the familiar trails hacked out by earlier social historians and to fill in his conventional account with homely details. Volume I is concerned mainly with the way Americans have worked, and it covers everything from slave-tended tobacco growing in the colonial South to New England whaling and Detroit assembly lines. Volume II focuses on manners and styles of life: steamboating on the Mississippi, immigrant ways in the big city slums, the exciting new society diversions of the waltz and polka.

**To Yoorup for Culture.** Author Davidson dips into newspapers, letters, diaries and popular songs for added flavor. Whittling, reported a visiting Englishman, Captain Frederick Marryat, "is a habit, arising from the natural restlessness of the American when he is not employed." The New York *Evening Post* complained (in 1828) about the new fad of men playing ball in the city: "The annoyance has become absolutely intolerable . . . and ought to be put an end to without delay." A generation later, a teamster who had struck it rich in Nevada passed a verdict on U.S. culture: "Ther arn't no chance for a gentleman to spend his coin in this country, an' so me an' Mrs. Bowers is goin' ter Yoorup."

*Life in America* is a first-rate piece of social history.

### RECENT & READABLE

**Life's Picture History of Western Man.** A vividly illustrated panorama of a thousand years of Western civilization (TIME, Nov. 5).

**Katherine Mansfield's Letters to John Middleton Murry.** Touchingly intimate self-revelations by the author of some of the finest short stories in the language (TIME, Nov. 5).

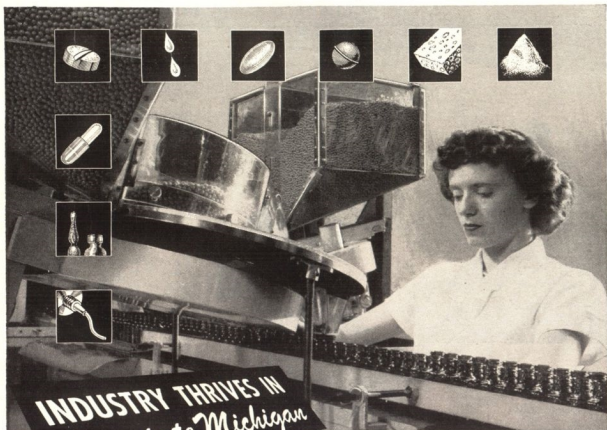
**The End of the Affair,** by Graham Greene. A shocker about an adulterous love that leads to sainthood—in one of the most controversial endings of the year (TIME, Oct. 29).

**The Young Visitors,** by Daisy Ashford. Reprint (first published 1919) of the human comedy of Victorian England as seen by a "sublime" novelist of nine (TIME, Oct. 22).

**Mister Johnson,** by Joyce Cary. A fresh and rarely exuberant story of the rise & fall of a Nigerian career man; close to Author Cary's brilliant best (TIME, Oct. 8).

**Melville Goodwin, U.S.A.,** by John P. Marquand. Two more Marquand males—this time a general and a news broadcaster—find the flavor of success mixed with the taste of ashes (TIME, Oct. 1).

**Requiem for a Nun,** by William Faulkner. The Nobel Prizewinner returns to the characters of *Sanctuary* (1931), reports them older, sadder, a little wiser, with an outside chance of saving their souls (TIME, Sept. 24).



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WHEN The Upjohn Company was founded 66 years ago a tiny basement plant in Kalamazoo was all it needed. But Upjohn grew steadily through the years and now it is among the largest full-line pharmaceutical houses in the United States, with more than 700 different products and 3,700 employees.

Having outgrown 19 acres of floor space in downtown Kalamazoo, Upjohn now occupies a 1,700-acre site seven miles from town. Its handsome new main building provides 33 acres of floor space. Several other buildings have been erected and eventually there will be many more, for this has been planned as a complete production community.

The most modern of the downtown buildings is being used for Upjohn's extensive research work.

Pharmaceuticals are also among the many products of the vast Dow Chemical Company at Midland. Much of the aspirin used in America is shipped out of the Dow plant in powder form. Epsom salt also is produced here in tremendous quantities.

In addition to these giants, there are smaller producers of pharmaceuticals in several parts of Outstate Michigan. The pharmaceutical industry thrives here. So do the automobile industry, the chemical industry, the furniture industry, the paper industry, the packaged food industry, and many others.

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## MISCELLANY

**By the People.** In Lonsdale, Ark., since twelve of the village's 15 voters were running for local office and the rest were relatives of candidates, election judges and clerks had to be imported from nearby Hot Springs.

**Police Protection.** In Burlington, Vt., when Perley Weed, 24, reported the theft of his car, the cops investigated, charged that Weed's license had been suspended and that his car was improperly registered, hauled him off to county jail.

**Home Front.** In Colorado, officials estimated that on the opening day of the state's big-game hunting season, as many men turned out as are on the U.N. front lines in Korea.

**The Wild West.** In Portales, N.Mex., the *Daily News* ran an advertisement for the Bud & Cliff Wrecking Yard: "We do wench work anywhere."

**College Spirit.** In Decatur, Ill., on the 750 pins sold by Alpha Phi Omega fraternity for Millikin University's homecoming celebration, the name of the college was spelled "Millikan."

**Homing Instinct.** In Portland, Ore., for the second time in as many weeks, cops found Kenneth W. Scott, 37, stuffed in a garbage can sleeping off a drunk.

**The Old Army Game.** At Scott Air Force Base, Ill., the brass solved the parking problem by banning automobiles of privates from the base.

**Without Knocking.** In Louisville, Mr. & Mrs. James Smyser awoke to find a car crashing into their bedroom, watched openmouthed as it backed out through the hole it had made in the wall and drove away.

**The Legal Mind.** In Wichita, Kans., Louise Bailey filed suit for \$10,000 damages against the Berke Bros. Distilling Co., charging that its product incited a male friend to beat her.

**Occupational Hazard.** In Baltimore, when 200 officials brought in a new gorilla to meet Mayor Thomas D'Alesandro, he stopped them short: "Don't let him near me—I mean it. Since I've been mayor of Baltimore, I've been bitten by a snake, clawed by a lion cub and kicked by a camel . . . Let's buy him and get him out of here."

**Oldtime Religion.** In Owensboro, Ky., Wesley Ezell, 38, was fined \$2 and \$11.50 court costs under an old law forbidding "willfully and wrongfully working on the Christian Sabbath."

**Truce.** In Atlanta, members of the Junior Civitan Club sold Confederate flags to raise the money to buy U.S. flags for classrooms at Brown High School.



## The driver leads a dog's life in Alaska's *Husky Battle*

**1** "Racing's stiffest ordeal—a 100-mile dog-sled marathon—is no joy-ride for the drivers," writes a friend of Canadian Club. "You can't ride the sled unless the dogs are moving faster than you can run. So you sprint up every slope. At the Annual Fur Rendezvous in Anchorage, my huskies were tiring as we munched into the homestretch.



**2** "Those puppies will never go the distance," my friend Bill White had warned me before the last day's heat. After 20 miles of racing against the stop watch, Bill's lead dog was hot on my heels...

**3** "Alaska's sled-dogs go where machines can't edge. Wherever I go, Canadian Club is usually on and when I ask for the best in the house."

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**3** "At the finish line in Anchorage, my dogs led Bill's—but neither of us could match the times set by crack Eskimo and Indian teams from above the Arctic Circle. Clocked the fastest was a sourdough trapper's team that had run the last 25 miles in less than 2 hours!

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**4** "Dog-tired after the long haul, I unhitched and rewarded the team with frozen fish. At a gold-rush-era cafe, I found a rich reward myself—Canadian Club!

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